"ESTHER, THE MOUNTAIN BEAUTY," A SPLENDID STORY FOR NEXT WEEK
BOYS, BE SURE AND READ "FRANK DOULTON AT SEA." IT'S A THRILLER

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Wm J Bennett
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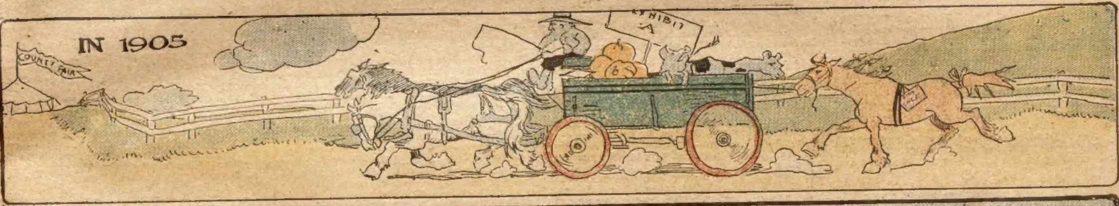
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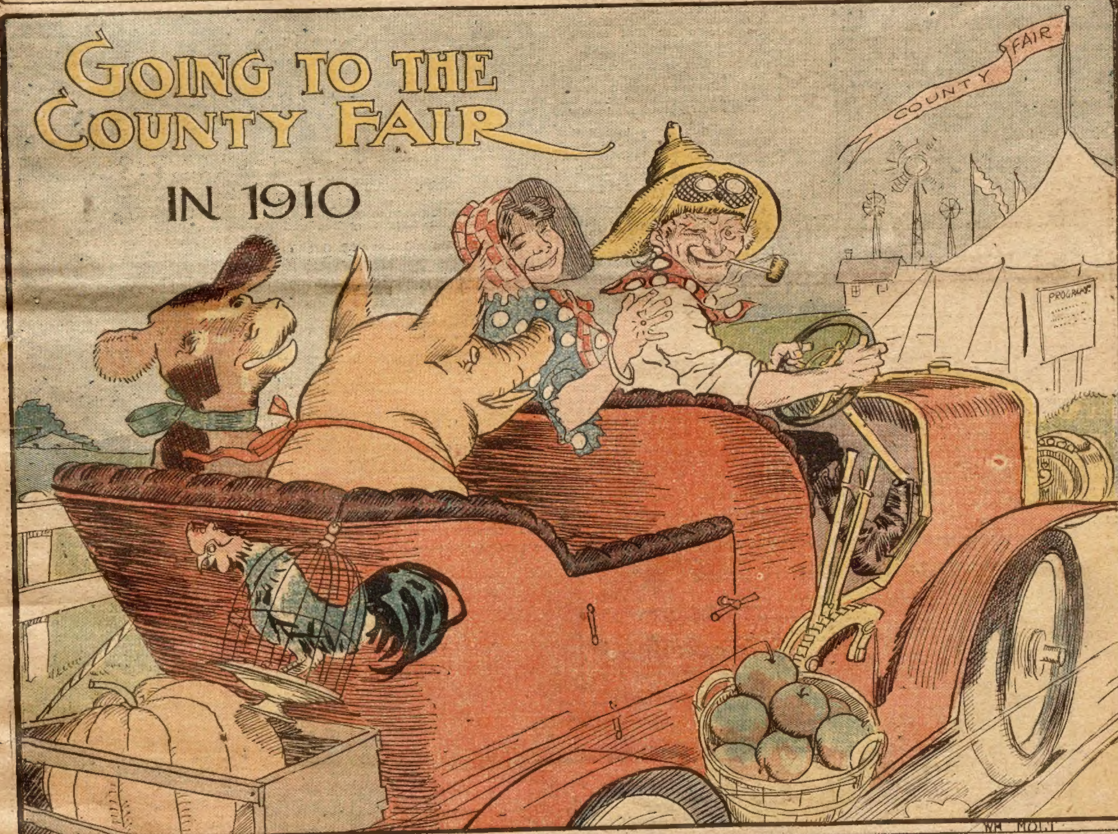
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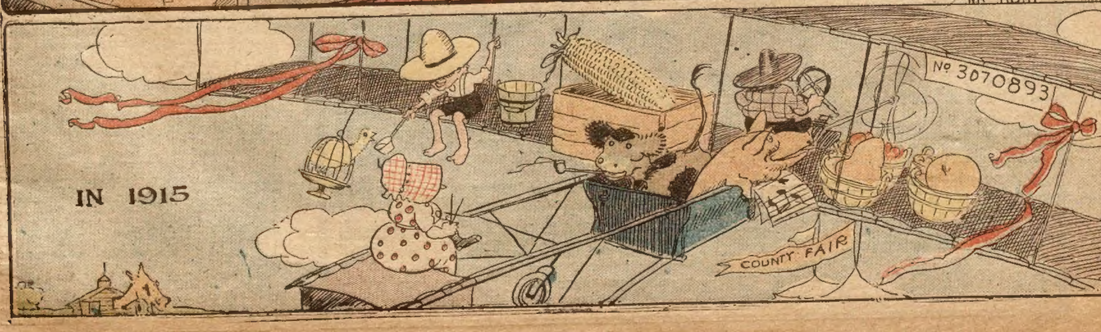
IN 1915
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COUNTY FAIR

The Ghost Hunters;

Or, Solving the Mystery of Haunted Rock

By COLONEL MORGAN T. SULLEY

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CHAPTER V.

GOING TO FIND HER.

WHEN the storm and the darkness came on there was consternation at the camp of the ghost hunters.

The daughter of the camp and the darling of all the campers, was gone—lost in the mountains, as they believed.

"I am sure the lions and the tigers have eaten her up," said Aunt Annabel, wiping away a tear. "I told her not to ride off that way alone in these wild mountains."

"She may be lost," said Professor Tyndall, the chief ghost hunter. "Of course it's nonsense to imagine that there are any dangerous wild beasts left in these hills."

"There ain't no lions and tigers, I reckon," said Pegleg Dodson, the miller. "And what few wolves and bears they air left ain't very dangerous. It may be that she has took shelter some'eres. If she is jest lost the pony will bring her home if she lets him have the rein."

Aunt Annabel turned fretfully toward Mme. Lefair, a mountain of a woman, who sat rocking in the tent, her hands folded in her lap.

"I should think you might go into a trance, Madame, and find out where she is," said Aunt Annabel. "What's the use of being the greatest medium in the world if you can't put your talents to some practical account. It would be worth more to find one live girl than it would be to find a dozen dead spooks."

"I will see what the spirits say," said Madame, obediently. She sighed and closed her eyes, and her chin sagged forward. Her puffy cheeks became pallid.

Professor Tyndall and the others of his retinue who were gathered in the big tent watched her keenly, even anxiously.

They had seen the famous Frenchwoman do all sorts of wonderful stunts at sittings where great scientists had gathered to witness the phenomena she produced.

Could she find the lost girl?

Whether it was self-hypnosis or something more uncanny, Madame Lefair was at least able to throw herself into a trance at will.

Within a minute or two she was under her "control." She breathed stertorously. She picked at her apron with her fingers. At last she began to babble incoherently.

"Lolo—purple eyes—violet eyes—Lolo, Indian maiden. Purple eyes and violet—sheltered in the mountain side—— Man—— Lost—— Violet eyes not afraid—— Lolo, Indian maiden—— Lolo says—wait—wait—wait—w-a-i-t—— Ah!"

Madame Lefair's own eyes snapped open, her head came back, and she resumed her rocking as she gazed around with dull indifference at her listeners.

Apparently she did not know where she had been or what she had been saying.

"Violet eyes—that means Dorothy, of course," said Aunt Annabel. "She is lost, but not afraid. There is a man somewhere. We are to wait."

"We are not going to wait any longer," said Professor Tyndall. "I am going to look for my daughter. If she is safe and returning home, well and good. It won't hurt anything to go and meet her. She went up the valley on this side of the river. She will come back the same way, it is fair to presume."

"I will go with you, of course," said Professor Searcy.

Searcy was a young man, and there were those who said that he was more interested in finding the way to the beautiful Dorothy Tyndall's heart than he was in finding the spooks for which his elder colleague was so constantly searching.

"Yes, you may come with me—and Matsu may come. He will carry an umbrella over us both. I will carry a lantern. You will carry a gun. I do not apprehend any danger—but, the gun will do no harm. You know how to use it, I suppose?"

"Y-e-s," said Professor Searcy. But his tone did not inspire much confidence.

"I reckon you'll need me for a guide," said Pegleg.

"Somebody must stay with the women. That duty falls to you, Dodson, though I thank you for your offer of help."

The ancient miller, whose wooden lower limb was the occasion of his nickname looked at Aunt Annabel and smiled gallantly.

"No harm shall come to them, you may be sure, sir," he declared. "I will protect them with my life if need be."

Again he looked at Aunt Annabel, who simpered maidenly, despite her age.

Pegleg Dodson had been looking for a wife for forty years. He was a presentable man and everybody liked him, but he had been unable to find a partner for a strange reason.

No woman would marry him and come to live at the mill. They were all mortally afraid of the ghost, which haunted the river a half-mile above the millhouse.

For the same reason the miller, who was reasonably well-to-do for that country, could not keep a hired hand.

Men would come in daylight with their grist to be ground, but none would remain in the haunted neighborhood after darkness fell. The visit of Professor Tyndall and his company was therefore a blessing to the lonely miller, who dearly loved human companionship.

He was always threatening to sell the mill and move away to a farm, but he never could quite make up his mind to the change, not even for the sake of a wife.

He had apparently spotted Aunt Annabel as an ideal partner. She believed in ghosts, and yet was not afraid of them.

So Pegleg was not averse to acting as protector to the ancient lady and her maid. He did not count the fat fortune teller.

As soon as Matsu, the Japanese man servant could make the necessary preparations, Professor Tyndall and Professor Searcy set off up the bottom in the direction Dorothy Tyndall had ridden that afternoon.

"There's not a place to cross the river within six miles," Pegleg assured them. "It is hardly possible that the young woman has gone as far up the stream as Tennyson's ford, so if she returns you will meet her on this road."

It happened that Dorothy had crossed the river at the ford and came down on the other side, as the reader knows. And at the moment her father set out through the rain to look for her, she was standing by the cliffs listening to John Henderson's recital of the story of his grandmother and her ghost.

After the party had got under way, Pegleg bethought him of a word of warning.

"Hey, wait a minute," he called, and hobbled out in the rain to where the searchers were waiting. He beckoned to Professor Tyndall.

"I just wanted to say," he whispered, "that old Dad Perkins lives in the first house to the right as you go up the bottom. I ain't advertisin' my opinion, but just between you an' me an' the gate post, I think old Dad an' his boys air moonshinin' a little."

"Moonshining?"

"Yes; makin' likker. I reckon they've got a still some'eres up the river. That part of it ain't none of our business. It's no great crime to make likker, but here's the p'int. If Dad should see three strangers with guns and lanterns prowlin' around at night he might think they was Revenue officers lookin' for his still. An' in case he thought that it might be dangerous. His boys air sorter reckless, you know. I'd jist skip the first house, if I's you."

"Thank you," said the professor.

Then he went on his way, while Pegleg hobbled back to the mill to protect Aunt Annabel.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT UNEARTHLY CRY.

Nothing of special moment had happened in the neighborhood of Dodson's Ferry since the Civil War. The silence of the hills had brooded over the land. People had been born, had lived and loved, had married and died, in the ordinary way, with nothing but the ghost to disturb their commonplaces. The ghost itself was so old and well-known that it had ceased to be an event and become an institution.

But with the arrival of the ghost hunters the long dormant spirit of the hills seemed to awake, and as frequently occurs, everything began to boil at once.

Professor Tyndall and his umbrella bearer and gun carrier sallied up the bottom road bravely enough. They were prepared to meet all manner of wild beasts, and they did not fear ghosts.

They had traveled half a mile perhaps, when the rain and the wind ceased. The dark clouds rolled away and the dimness of the late twilight filtered through the dripping trees.

They had paused for a moment to listen to some distant sound, which they hoped might be the pattering hoofs of Dorothy's pony. If she had taken shelter somewhere during the storm she would now be hurrying homeward.

But the noise, whatever it was, died away and a most uncanny stillness seemed to settle over the bottoms—a stillness that was suddenly broken by a cry that was the most weird and terrible thing they had ever heard.

If Pegleg Dodson had been with them he would have explained that this was nothing to disturb. It was merely the ghost, which Pegleg had heard a thousand times, and had long since ceased to notice.

But Professor Tyndall had not heard the wail of the ghost before, and he did not recognize it. To his imagination it was the cry of a woman in mortal terror and danger.

"Dorothy!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "I am coming," he shouted. "Coming, coming!"

He turned into the woods on the right, for the cry came from the direction of the river. He stumbled and groped through the underbrush, climbed over fallen logs, entangled himself in vines. His two faithful followers were at his heels, and between them they made such a riot as had seldom been heard in that peaceful valley.

They had only one thought, to reach the spot whence came that dreadful shriek. From time to time they gave utterance to words of encouragement.

"I think we would better go more quietly," panted Professor Searcy, as he caught up with his leader. "If Dorothy is in danger of being kidnaped, we do not want to alarm her assailants, or they will be off, and hide in the woods."

"Maybe you are right, Searcy. Let us hurry, and be as quiet as possible."

By the time they had reached the river, it was entirely dark. They could find no trace of the missing girl, but they found a little footpath which led along the bank, up the stream, and they made their way up this as rapidly as possible.

Suddenly they reached something that caused them to stop and investigate.

It was a rowboat, which had been drawn out of the water and hidden among the trees.

And around the boat there were the fresh tracks of men who wore heavy shoes.

"There has been somebody here within a few minutes," said Professor Tyndall. "See, these footprints have been made since the rain."

It needed no Sherlock Holmes to discover that the professor was right. In the soft mud of the path the tracks showed unmistakably. The boat had been pulled up on the shore, and tied to a tree. Then its occupants, whoever they were, had taken the path up the river.

"There are three of them," said Professor Tyndall. "They are all men. Dorothy is not with them."

"Unless she has been carried," said Professor Searcy.

"The question to be decided immediately is this: Shall we follow the footprints, or shall we take the boat and row across the river?"

"Let's follow the tracks," said Searcy. "At least we have something definite here. These men know the secret of that cry we heard. If we trail them down we can learn something."

"Come on, then," exclaimed the professor. "And let us be prepared for any emergency."

With his lantern held before him Professor Tyndall set off up the bottom on a trot. The trail was easy to follow. It wound among the trees for a hundred yards or so, and then turned away from the river.

If Professor Tyndall had used his powers of logic he might have realized that he was doing a very dangerous thing.

He had been warned by Pegleg to keep away from the place of old Dad Perkins, the reputed moonshiner, who lived in the "first house to the right" as one went up the bottom from the mill.

It was the most obvious thing in the world that the path, turning back toward the main road, would lead to the Perkins homestead.

And if old Dad Perkins was a dangerous man for strangers to approach from the main traveled highway, what would he think of the men who came trailing him from the river, at night, with a Winchester rifle?

But Professor Tyndall was more anxious than logical at the present moment. He was looking for his daughter. He did not think of the dangerous moonshiner and his reckless sons, or of Pegleg's warnings.

It is but just to say, also, that if the stout-hearted old ghost hunter had thought of the danger he would not have hesitated. He was following that mountain path to its destination, regardless of what dangers he might meet.

After the path left the river it wound around the benchland, or "second bottom," until it presently came to a rail fence. Here the three men, who were being pursued, had climbed over into a small cornfield, and apparently made their way toward a log cabin, which could be dimly seen on the other side of the corn.

"Perhaps we would better go around the field and approach the house from the other side," suggested Searcy. "It is a little—ah, informal, and it might be, ah—dangerous, to approach it from the rear at this time of night."

Then, for the first time, Professor Tyndall bethought him of the moonshiner. But he did not falter.

"We will follow the tracks," he said grimly, as he began to climb over the fence.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, Searcy did not know about old Dad Perkins. He had not heard the whispered warnings of Pegleg. So he, too, climbed over the fence and followed his leader.

The little Japanese, Matsu, who never troubled his head about anything, and seldom broke his Oriental silence, came in the rear with his umbrella, now rolled up and carried over his shoulder, so it looked something like a gun in the darkness.

Thus they approached the cabin.

CHAPTER VII.

BESIEGED IN THE HEN COOP.

As they neared the homestead, the trailers found themselves moving with almost breathless silence between the rows of corn, now almost shoulder high.

The first building they approached was a corn crib. Peeking around this they came to a stable, in which horses could be heard, munching at some sort of fodder.

To their right was a little covered pen, perhaps a chickenhouse, not more than six feet high. Beyond was the log farmhouse, through the window of which a light gleamed.

They held a whispered conversation.

"This is what we will do," said Professor Tyndall, as soon as he had perfected his strategical plans. "You will remain behind this little house, with your gun aiming at the back door. Matsu will stay with you. I will go up and knock. If I am assailed, or you can see that I am in danger, you will come to the rescue. Do not fire unless you think it absolutely necessary."

"All right, sir."

"But if you find it necessary to fight, fight to kill. If Dorothy is here we will have her, or perish in the attempt."

"Yes, sir."

"And you, Matsu, are you brave under fire? Will you desert us if it comes to a pinch?"

"I think, honorable sir, you had better let me take the gun?" said Matsu. "The honorable Professor Searcy is a brave man, but he has not been a soldier. I was at the siege of Port Arthur."

"Then I wish you had a gun, also; but since you have not, you will do whatever you can, I think we will not disarm Searcy."

"Oh, let him take the gun, indeed," exclaimed the young professor. "I have had no experience with firearms." Before the elder man could remonstrate, Searcy had thrust the rifle in the Jap's hands.

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But in military tactics the plans of the assailants often go amiss, because one can never tell what the enemy will do. This fact is what lends war its chief interest.

Before Professor Tyndall could approach the house there came from somewhere in the darkness a sudden short, sharp yelp, and a little, long dog, of the variety known in the hills as a "bench-legged fice," dashed at our party. His outcry seemed to arouse a whole pack of hounds, which came around the house from the front yard. They were lanky, long-eared beasts, and they bayed like lions.

The little dog, encouraged by the backing of the hounds, began to nip at the heels of Professor Searcy, and that worthy man, without waiting for instructions from his chief, climbed on top of the chickenhouse.

The hounds, seeing that one enemy had retreated came on in a grand rush. There were half a dozen of them in the pack, and they seemed fierce enough to pull a man down and tear him to pieces.

It was not a time for parley, and the general of the little army, and his Japanese gun bearer also, climbed nimbly to the roof of the chicken pen.

Here they were reasonably safe from the dogs, which, however much they clamored, were easy enough to kick off when they attempted to scale the walls of the log pen.

The noise made by the dogs would have almost awakened the dead, and would certainly alarm the occupants of the house.

The door opened almost instantly, and a gaunt and shaggy mountaineer stood revealed—no doubt old Dad Perkins, himself.

"Hello!" he shouted.

Then he espied the party of three perched on the chickenhouse. The lantern which Professor Tyndall carried no doubt revealed them as strangers, and the light gleaming on the gun barrel showed that they were armed.

The old man leaped back in the house and closed the door with a slam. Then the light went out, while hurried movements and half-whispered words of hoarse command could be heard whenever the hounds ceased their yelping for an instant.

Old Dad Perkins was evidently alarmed, as any honest mountaineer might have been to have found three armed strangers on his chicken coop after nightfall.

"Hi, there!" shouted Professor Tyndall.

"Call off these dogs!" cried Searcy.

The imperturbable Jap said nothing.

"Hi, hi, hi!" shouted Tyndall again.

The answer was not slow in coming from the house.

It was the sharp crack of a rifle. The flash came from between the logs, just below the eaves of the cabin. Evidently the defenders had a porthole there through which they could fire.

The bullet sang several feet above their heads, and was apparently meant only as a warning to the army of ghost hunters, but it encouraged the hounds, which now tried on all sides to climb to the roof of the pen.

It was all the "treed" men could do to kick them down as fast as their heads showed above the walls.

"Help, help!" shrieked Searcy, and his cry of terror might have been heard for a quarter of a mile.

"Shut up," roared a voice from the house, "or the next bullet will hit!"

Professor Searcy, frightened as he was, bethought him of the fact that it was better to surrender honorably than to be killed. He could not retreat because the dogs would certainly have mangled him had he leaped to the ground.

Therefore, he tied his white handkerchief to the spike end of the umbrella and lifted it on high—the white flag.

"We surrender," he called, though it was doubtful if the words made themselves heard above the fiendish clamor of the hounds.

But the white flag had evidently been seen in the house. After a minute or two the kitchen door softly opened, and a hand appeared, waving what appeared to be a towel. It must have been meant as a flag of truce, for as soon as the army on the chickenhouse had a chance to see it the door opened wide and a young woman stepped out into the back yard. The door closed behind her.

She walked bravely up to the chicken coop and kicked the hounds into silence.

"Good evening, madam," said Professor Tyndall.

"Howdy, strangers," she replied.

The professor leaped to the ground and removed his hat, bowing gallantly.

The girl stepped backward, but scolded the dogs, which were growling.

"I reckon it's only fair to tell you that pap's got a bead on you f'm the kitchen door."

The professor bowed.

"Bud's rifle is p'inted at you f'm the loft, an' Jim, who never misses an' has cat eyes so that he can shoot in the dark as well as in daylight, has you covered f'm the window. If you make one wrong move you are a dead man."

"Thank you, madam, for the warning," said the professor. "I shall be careful, I assure you. You are in no danger."

"Oh, I know that," she laughed.

"May I know to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"I'm Sis Perkins, if that's what you mean," replied the girl, with her soft Southern drawl. "What I want to know is, who is you'ns, an' what air you doin' here on our henhouse?"

"I am proud of the honor of introducing myself, Miss Perkins, I assure you. I am Professor Tyndall of the Lakeside University chair of psychology. The young man with the umbrella is my assistant and friend, Professor Searcy."

"Delighted to meet you, I am sure," murmured Searcy, in a quavering voice. The girl looked at him curiously.

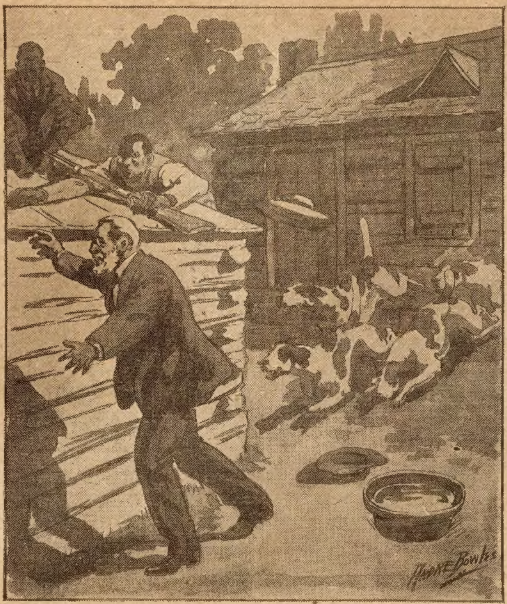
"The man with the gun is Mr. Matsu, my Japanese servant," added the professor. "Our party is camped at the mill below here."

"Oh, yes, I reckon I've heard they was a lot o' strangers camped down there. Come yistiddy, didn't ye?"

"Yes, we are investigating a somewhat famous and interesting ghost, which is said to haunt the river bottoms."

"Huh! Well, I cakerlate you'd better let that ghost alone. Anyhow, you won't find it on our henhouse."

"You see, I am looking for my daughter, now, Miss Perkins, and as an intelligent and good-hearted, as well as a handsome young woman, you will be able to appreciate a father's anxiety. My Dorothy went horseback riding this afternoon. She has not returned. We went out looking for her during the storm, and when we heard a cry, as of a woman in distress down toward the river we went down there. Then we happened onto the path and followed the tracks of three men to this place—evidently your father and brothers."



The hounds came in a grand rush.

"It might have been pap and the boys, an' it might not," said Sis Perkins, evasively. "Your daughter ain't here, nohow, though I'm sorry she's lost."

"Can I go in the house and speak to your father?"

"You git back up on the henhouse an' be keerful how you move about. I'll go in an' ask pap if he's heerd anythin' of a lost girl."

She hurried back into the house, and Professor Tyndall wisely took refuge from the dogs while she was gone. After a time she returned.

"Pap an' the boys didn't see n'e hear of anybody that was lost, mister," she said. "That scream you speak of was the cry of the ghost. I heerd it myself about a half an hour ago. It hollers like that ever once in awhile. Pap says f'r you to go back to the mill, an' after awhile him an' the boys'll come down there. If yer girl ain't been found he'll he'p you to hunt her."

"I'll go in with you and speak to Mr. Perkins."

"No, you can't come in," said the girl, and the professor thought she was defiant and a little bit anxious. It gave him a great fear that they were hiding Dorothy in the house, and merely wanted to get rid of him for a time until they could secrete her in some safer place while the old moonshiner and his boys pretended to join the searchers.

"Why can't I go in? Surely, you are inhospitable. I will leave my friends out here, unarmed, and I will go in with you alone."

"You can't come," she reiterated.

"Then, by heavens, I believe you have my daughter hidden there, and I will not leave this place until I have her," he declared. "I'll give you two minutes to get back into the house, and then I'll attack the place."

"You're plum crazy," she exclaimed. "Pap'll shore kill you."

"In the house with you," he commanded, "and keep away from the doors and windows when we begin firing."

Professor Searcy tried to remonstrate, but the old man was furious and would not listen to him.

With only a single rifle, exposed on top of a log henhouse and surrounded by fierce dogs, it looked like the act of a madman to defy three men who had barricaded themselves in a house which was like a fort.

But Professor Tyndall was not wholly a fool. He had a plan, though he did not communicate it to his followers.

He had been removing the boards cautiously from the chickenhouse until he had made an opening through which he could pass.

As soon as the girl started to the house he whispered:

"Now, I'm going to put out the light and drop in the coop. I have made an opening. Both of you follow at once. In there we'll be safe from their bullets and from the dogs at the same time. Now!"

He snuffed out the light and disappeared. The rest of his army scurried after him, creating a great panic among the chickens.

Scarcely had they hidden themselves behind the logs when the men in the house opened fire on them. The bullets pattered against the logs like hail.

Professor Tyndall seized the gun from the hands of the Jap and began firing, but not at the house.

He was killing dogs.

At every crack of his rifle a hound crumpled up in silence or dragged himself howling away.

Within a minute he had cleared out the dogs.

"Now, boys," he said, "we are ready for action. I firmly believe Dorothy is in there, and we will rescue her!"

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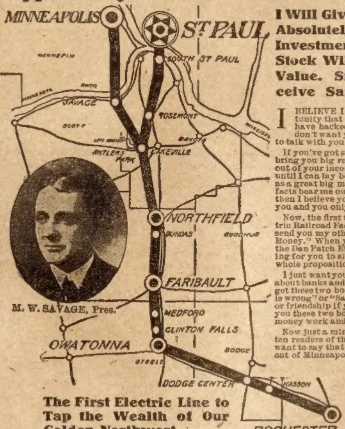

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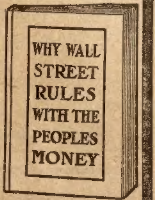
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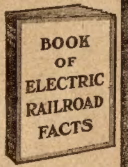
BOOK OF ELECTRIC RAILROAD FACTS

I just want you to have these two free books that will open your eyes about banks and Wall Street and investments in general; and when you get these two books I'll stake my chances on whether you'll say "Savage is wrong" or "Savage is right," and it won't interfere with our feelings or friendship if you never invest a dollar or never write me again. I offer you these two books free—I want to show you how you can make your money work and earn for you.

Now just a minute, while I give you a few facts. Perhaps nine out of ten readers of this paper know me alread[illegible]t to those who do not, I want to say that I've been doing a [illegible]onal and international business out of Minneapolis for the past 22 years.

My business is now the largest of its kind in the world—made so by the continued patronage of nearly three million, thinking, progressive, hard working farmers and stock-raisers. These people are my friends and customers—thousands have already invested in my new enterprise—some from your own State and from every State in the Union and every Province in Canada. I have built up a number of big enterprises here in the Northwest and now I'm building the biggest of them all. It is known as the People's Electric Railroad, owned and controlled by the people.

Dan Patch Electric Railroad

The Dan Patch Electric Railroad runs from Minneapolis to Rochester, and back from Lakeville to St. Paul—130 miles.

I am not merely "thinking" of building this Railroad, I am really building it now. The Northern Section is now in successful operation—great crowds tax the capacity of our magnificent cars—3000 tons of steel rails are being delivered and laid on the Northfield Division and grading has commenced on the last division south.

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Now is your chance to share with me in this enterprise—the greatest of them all. I will give you $1000 in voting stock in addition to a small investment. I want to send you the estimated net profit statement, showing how your investment can rapidly increase in cash value. This information is contained in my Big Book of Electric Railroad Facts. I want you to have it even though you never invest a dollar, and I am especially anxious for you to have my new Book, "Why Wall Street Rules With the People's Money."

Don't be backward about sending for these books I want you to have them and they won't cost you a cent—they are free—some of these Wall Street secrets will open your eyes. I want you to see how the people's money works for Wall Street. I want to show you how to make your money work for you and for no one else.

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I have just published a splendid photograph, 15x21 showing our splendid cars crowded with people arriving at Washburn Park Station. I will send you one free with the books—I want to tell you about this investment opportunity and how 4000 small investors have made it possible to build and operate this line without the help of Wall Street.

M. W. SAVAGE, President
Minneapolis, Minnesota

M. W. Savage,
President
Dan Patch
Electric Railroad
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mr. Savage:—I don't know whether I'll invest any money or not, but would like to have you send me your two books—without any obligation on my part—"Book of Electric Railroad Facts" and "Why Wall Street Rules With the People's Money."

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The Chicago Ledger.

Boys and Girls Corner

Rodney the Watchmaker;

Or, The Minute Boys of Liberty

By T. C. Harbaugh

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

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CHAPTER XIII.

RODNEY FINDS A FRIEND.

IT WAS some time after being jerked into the strange house by way of the window that Rodney could collect his thoughts. He had heard of the giant blacksmith who shod the horses of the British army, but had never seen him. Of course he took if for granted that Casimir was a Loyalist and therefore thought that he had only jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

The loud, shrill voice of Mother Hawks still rang in his ears; she was telling the British soldiers, who had come up, that the young Rebel had escaped into the house, and was urging them to break down the door and take him.

There was a grim smile on Casimir's face, for he, too, heard the noises outside.

"Are you hurt?" he asked Rodney.

"Yes. I was shot at by General Conway, and my shoes seem full of blood.

"We'll see about that right away."

The young watchmaker was taken into another room and laid upon a settee. Casimir at once searched for and found the wound.

"It's not much," said he with a smile, "only a little scrape on the side. Might have been worse, you know."

Rodney drew a breath of relief and looked thankfully into his preserver's face.

"They're out there clamoring for me," he remarked, for the same sounds still tingled his ears.

"Never mind the scamps," said the blacksmith with a little laugh. "A man's house is his castle. May I ask who you are and what you have been doing to incur the hatred of the King's men?"

"I am Rodney May, watchmaker, at your service. I am a self-confessed Rebel," and he watched the man's countenance closely to see how his words were received.

"A young Rebel, eh? One of the hunted Minute Boys of Liberty, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was a bold trick of yours, the rescue of Captain South. I have had more than one good laugh over it."

"We came near paying dearly for our adventure," was the reply.

Just then a loud noise sounded on the door. The soldiers were knocking for admission.

"They want in," said Casimir. "They must want you badly. Methinks I hear a woman's voice."

"You do, sir. Mother Hawks is out there."

"Oh!" exclaimed the blacksmith. "I've seen the old witch. How came she in this neighborhood?"

"She followed me."

Suddenly the door seemed to shake beneath the blow of a musket. A baleful light flashed up in Casimir's eyes.

"That's carrying the joke a little too far," Rodney heard him say, as he went toward the hall.

The youth wondered what would happen next. Was he to be handed over to his enemies by the King's blacksmith?

He heard the heavy stride of Casimir in the passageway and held his breath.

"What's wanting out there?" asked the giant.

The blows instantly ceased.

"We want the young Rebel!" came to Rodney's ears.

"Yes, yes, the young watchmaker!" screamed Mother Hawks. "You can't afford to shelter him, Master Casimir."

A bolt was heard to shoot back and the door squeaked as it was opened.

"What!" Rodney heard the blacksmith say, "ten big soldiers after one boy? Well, you're a brave set."

"But he's a dangerous lad. He's one of the five who carried Captain South across the Delaware."

"Right in the teeth of the King's men, eh?"

"Yes, and drew British blood."

"Go back," said Casimir. "I'll take care of the boy."

"You'll let him go!" shrilled the old hag.

"What business of yours is it, witch?" snapped Casimir.

"Hear him," was the reply. "He's going to help the winged Rebel off. Don't tell me that Casimir is for the King."

"Look here, Master Casimir," put in one of the men. "We have been ordered to bring the boy back to General Conway."

"You can't take him back!"

A painful silence followed.

"We can't have him? Do you really mean that?"

"Every word of it, sirs."

"We'll take him dead or alive!" was the thunderous response. "The King's men will brook no interference in a matter like this."

"You enter my house at your peril!" rang out the voice of the blacksmith. "The first man who crosses my threshold will die like a dog!"

The door was shut with the last word and the heavy bolt shot back into its place.

The next moment Casimir reappeared in the room and took two pistols from a shelf. He was strangely calm, but the watching Rodney saw that underneath his placidity was the mien of a tiger.

"Let me help," cried the young watchmaker, as he sprang up and showed his own weapon. "I have just primed the pistol——"

"I won't need assistance," put in Casimir. "I can handle the red-coated rabble at the door."

"Tell me why you shield me when you have called yourself the King's blacksmith?"

Casimir's face lit up with another smile and he came forward while it still lingered at his lips.

"Have I told you, boy, that I am for King George?" he asked, bending forward.

"No, but I inferred——"

"That I am a Loyalist? No, down in my heart I am 'Rebel,' and every time I shoe one of the dragoon horses I hope that his rider may bite the dust. When Casimir turns against his loved America may his body dangle from the highest gibbet in the land!"

Rodney held out his hand, which was taken in a hearty grasp by Casimir, and the pair looked into each other's face in a silent pledge of friendship.

By this time blows were raining on the heavy door and Casimir stepped into the hall. Rodney, pistol in hand, followed at his heels.

"Hear the rascals!" the blacksmith said. "They want you badly, boy."

Then he went to the door itself and struck it with the butt of one of his pistols.

"Stop!" he commanded. "This is my own house."

"Open in the the name of the King!"

"I will not open the door."

"Open a window, then, and thrust the young Rebel out."

"Never!"

"Break the door down!" cried the leader of the squad.

One of Casimir's hands shot back the iron bolt, and the next moment he faced the soldiers with a cocked pistol in each hand.

The red-coats on the stoop recoiled with exclamations of surprise.

"Go away!" said Casimir, sternly. "You enter my house at the peril of your lives."

"How is this?" asked the leader. "You shoe the King's horses. You are a Loyalist, yet you harbor one who is wanted for rescuing a Rebel prisoner."

"I harbor whom I please. I am not answerable for my acts to a lot of subordinates."

"Hear him," screeched Mother Hawks. "He's turned Rebel himself!"

Casimir whirled upon the old woman and transfixed her with his piercing eyes.

"Screech till you're tired, hag!" he said through set teeth. "You should have passed to your reward years ago. Why do you still encumber the earth?"

Mother Hawks advanced a step and shook her withered hand in Casimir's face, provoking from him only a sarcastic smile.

"I'll live to see you hanged!" she shrieked. "I'll see the buzzards picking your bones."

Casimir turned from the old fury and again faced the soldiers.

"Go back," said he. "You can't have the boy, not now, at any rate."

The soldiers drew together and, after a whispered conference, fell back.

"We shall report to our commander," said the leader. "He will hold you responsible."

"Very well. That is all. Good night."

Casimir shut the door, and with a smile turned to Rodney.

"It's good riddance," said he. "My fingers itched to sprawl the old fury in the gutter."

The young watchmaker laughed and the footsteps of the retreating men were heard on the pavement.

"Now," continued Casimir, "you shall go on your way."

"But you?"

"Oh, I can take care of myself," laughed the big blacksmith. "Barking dogs seldom bite, you know."

Rodney was led to the back of the house and into the garden.

"Remember that Casimir is for liberty," said the blacksmith. "More than one shoe he has wrongly fitted and more than one dragoon has taken a tumble in consequence."

Rodney gazed for a moment into the deep brown eyes of the King's farrier and turned away. In another moment he had leaped the fence in the rear of the garden and was free.

For a little while he remained silent beneath the stars and then his footsteps were heard on the street beyond.

It had been a close call. His side, though sore, no longer troubled him and he made good headway back to his secret lodgings.

As he opened the door and entered a small room beyond, he came face to face with Tom.

"What's all the rumpus in the city?" asked the young saddler, at sight of Rodney.

"What have you heard, Tom?"

"A note was slipped underneath the door a moment ago, saying that General Conway had shot a boy and that the soldiers are after him."

"Let me see the note," said the watchmaker, and Tom handed him a slip of paper.

"Ho! Dorothy has been along here. This is her writing. Well, General Conway might have aimed better," and with a smile Rodney proceeded to reveal his hurt.

"So, you're the Rebel bird he pinked?" grinned Tom, looking into his young friend's face.

"Yes, he gave me my first badge of honor," replied Rodney, and then he proceeded to relate his adventure.

"They'll take care of Casimir," said Tom. "The blacksmith is in the toils now."

"Well, if the old fellow doesn't give a good account of himself I'm greatly mistaken," answered the apprentice, and then the two boys sought their couch in the retreat.

CHAPTER XIV.

TURNING THE TABLES.

In spite of the efforts of the British to capture the Minute Boys of Liberty they seemed to bear charmed lives. Their rescue of Captain Cunningham's prisoner had made heroes of them in the eyes of many. All Philadelphia was not loyal to the King. There were many true patriots in the city and these rejoiced over the successful ending of the boys' adventure.

The day after Rodney's escape from the guards in the house of the blacksmith, Colonel Simcoe of the Queen's Rangers found on his doorstep a carefully-wrapped package which, when it was opened, revealed his fine pistol, which the young watchmaker had snatched from his belt when he defended himself against Cunningham.

A broad smile passed over the officer's face.

"Those young Rebels are shrewd!" he exclaimed. "This shows that they are again in hiding in the city. Their leader has returned my firearm with his compliments. I give him credit for both assurance and cleverness. He's not so bad after all."

When the Colonel mentioned the incident to "Tiger" Cunningham, who happened to drop into his headquarters, the face of the brute went white.

"Just wait till I catch him!" he exclaimed. "He'll get a good many kisses from 'Black Bess,' and he'll remember them to his dying day. You heard what took place last night?"

"What was it, Captain?"

"Why, the boy Rebel was found in the area of General Conway's house and when he broke away the General winged him, as is shown by blood on the pavement. Then he was besieged in Casimir's house and the blacksmith refused to give him up to the guards."

"What! Casimir, the shoer of my horses?" exclaimed Simcoe.

"The very same fellow. That's rank treason."

"It smacks loudly of treason," replied the officer. "I can hardly believe it."

Cunningham assured him that it was true and added that the blacksmith should be punished for his disobedience.

"We can't get along without Casimir," Simcoe said. "He is the best farrier in Philadelphia. Probably he liked to see fair play and on this account sheltered the boy."

Cunningham went away muttering maledictions on the heads of all his enemies.

General Conway had ordered that the city be well scoured for the boys, and threatened to try them by military court-martial, in which court, he said, they only could get justice.

On Market street the jailer almost collided with Peter Peeps.

The spy immediately drew him into a coffeehouse and proceeded to relieve himself of some spleen.

"I've got some good news for you, Captain," he exclaimed after a pause. "I've run two of the young Rebels down."

"Good!" cried Cunningham. "You did it all yourself, I suppose, Peter?"

"Not wholly so. Badman Flook is, in part, my informant. We can lay our hands on the larkies this very night."

"Fine! What is your plan?"

"The house where they roost is in Buttonwood street," confided Peter over his ale. "I know its exact location. We'll wait till midnight and then make our swoop."

The pair discussed their plans and separated, agreeing to meet at a certain place for the raid.

The house mentioned by Peter was the one in which Rodney and Tom had taken refuge. It was a common-looking house with a sloping roof at the back and a large garden further on. The two rascals felt that the boys would be wrapped in slumber at the midnight hour, and designed to enter the place over the roof and catch them in their beds.

It was a well-laid plan and its originators almost felt the young patriots in their hands.

Night fell with the two boys in the house. The place had been darkened with heavy curtains so that no light could be seen from without.

At ten a low rap sounded on the back door and Rodney went forward and listened. It was a signal, as she well knew, and when it was repeated he slipped the bolt and opened the portal.

A young girl glided inside.

She placed one finger to her lips as she came forward, revealing the features of Dorothy Doyle.

"You mustn't sleep a wink tonight," said she in low tones though there were no listening ears but the boys'. "You've been discovered!"

The faces of the young patriots instantly became a study.

"I happened to attend the afternoon market," continued Dorothy, "and caught Mother Hawks and Badman Flook in close converse. Anxious to learn what they were talking about, I sidled up as near as possible and was rewarded for my trouble. Master Flook has found you out and he informed Mother Hawks that tonight you are to be visited by Captain Cunningham and Peter Peeps."

"They shall have the reception of their lives!" cried Tom, as his eyes flashed. "I long for a chance to get at those two worthies. Let them come, Dorothy. We'll give a good account of ourselves."

"But they won't come alone," was the reply. "They may be accompanied by a squad of red-coats."

"The more the merrier," was the response couched in fearless tones. "They'll get their money's worth if they come."

"If you only had the other boys here!" suggested the young girl.

"That's good. You know where they are?"

"Yes, and they'll be here presently."

An hour later Rodney and Tom were joined by Reuben, Timothy, and Dallas, and once more the Minute Boys of Liberty were all together.

Rodney stationed them where he thought they would be most needed and then all began to wait for the enemy.

Rodney and Reuben were stationed at a window which overlooked the sloping roof, for they feared strategy. When the clocks of the Quaker City struck twelve they heard the clear voices of the British sentinels calling out: "Twelve o'clock and all's well!"

A minute later a dark figure was seen approaching the house through the garden. The boys looked at one another and then regarded the form outside.

It was soon lost to sight, but presently it was seen on the roof itself.

Reuben leaned toward his young leader.

"It's 'Tiger' Cunningham," said he in a whisper.

(Continued on page thirteen)

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Sailing With Columbus;

Or, THE PERILS OF FAR SEAS

By William H. Manning.

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CHAPTER XVI.
FACING THE PERIL.

LEON was briefly filled with consternation. The strange nature of the charge and its atrocity staggered him, but his mind cleared quickly. He realized that this was another stroke from his secret foes, and dismay was succeeded by an inclination to avow the fact, but he thought better of it and resolved to leave everything to Columbus. He raised his eyes to see the admiral regarding him intently, grave and unsmiling, but free from severity.

"My Lord Admiral," he said with quiet dignity, "it is for you to interpret this remarkable letter."

"I have done so already," the navigator replied calmly, "but we will discuss it. The missive was found in the boat lately from the sea, so perhaps you can tell something about it?"

"I never saw nor heard of it before, sir, and I question that it was in the boat when we arrived from the sea."

"Well said, Don Leon. I see in it another attempt to do you harm, but 'twas a clumsy trick. No plotter would bring his own death-warrant with him if he aspired to harm my fleet, so we may infer that sly hands dropped this into the boat since you arrived. No doubt it was penned in this very ship. Caramba! we must learn who indulges literary passions so freely."

"My lord, I thank you heartily for your faith in me. You do not even ask if I am guilty——"

"Nay, that were unnecessary, for I have no doubt of you."

"Yet would I assert my innocence, and I do swear it. I know nothing about this letter, and nothing about Basselo except what I have seen and heard at long distance."

"I believe you, Don Leon. Pray do not doubt me more than I doubt you. It is well known that you have foes, and here we see one more cowardly blow. Are they mad? Do they think to influence me? If so, they play a losing game."

"May I see the sheet?" asked the Count of Naratava, who had listened closely. It was handed to him, but he paused, smiled faintly and added: "When I was a captive of Basselo I wrote something myself, it being a tale of my distress. It was my intent to cast it into the sea in a bottle, but, that memorable night, your ship came near and I cast it to your deck. My missive was water-stained and spoiled, but this is famously done and clear. Aha! a pretty literary effort! What a pity its writer has not taken to bookish pursuits. He has the gift, for he lies with quantity, if not with quality."

"Has not Basselo grounds for action at law in that his name was forged thereto?" asked Columbus lightly, seeking to ease Leon's mind.

"It is surely so, and I would act his lawyer if——"

Naratava's words died away and he dwelt long upon what he had before him. Finally he raised his head and looked at the admiral calmly.

"May I keep this sheet?" he asked.

"I dare say Don Leon is willing."

"Entirely so," returned the young man.

"Thanks! Leon, you stood by me in the wreck, and I will do something to reward you. I will learn who wrote this scribble!"

"Suppose the hand is disguised?"

"I feel sure it is so, but that only lends ardor to my quest. Be it my duty to unmask the base caitiff and lay his design bare. Enough for now. Don Leon, has late news come from poor Don Rafelo Blyde?"

"I think not, senor."

"I would see him soon, for I appreciate his state of mind. No wonder he swooned at sight of his daughter safe returned, for she is a fair maiden, in good truth. My Lord Columbus, 'tis in my mind to forsake the lonely life and have a companion to sit with me in my castle, and I have made choice of her already. Know you that I am more than your guest, being humble suitor for the hand of the priceless Donna Inez!"

Columbus' gaze strayed quickly to Leon. He understood how matters lay with the youth, and sympathized with him. Now, he wondered what new mischief would transpire with the Count for a rival.

The point was not pressed then, for Naratava took a fresh subject to mind and turned his gaze to the seaboard.

"A fair ocean," he said musingly. "The water has a kindly lift and swell, and the breeze fills your sails benevolently. Even your three caravels are pictures of peace. All this is delusive. So you seek the unknown seas with the belief that an undiscovered land lies beyond. Strange belief!"

"Ferdinand and Isabella are convinced!" said Leon quickly.

"Perhaps I am, for I feel inoculated with the idea. Your faith, sir admiral, takes hold of me powerfully. Another world beyond seas! Ha! and are not Europe, Asia and Africa all? Is there a Western world? It may be so, and, by my lady! if a dozen ships waited to carry me back to Spain I would not go. Bravo! for Columbus, and luck to the year 1492!"

With this he shook the hand of the admiral warmly, and they stood and watched the seaboard. It was then a fascinating waste, for they could see no more than the blue sky and mighty ocean. Far off their bows was an imaginary ribbon where water met the heavens, and toward that optical ribbon they were ever holding their course. They parted the sea with their prows, sending it back along their hulls in uplifting billows of foam. Nothing else disturbed the placidity of the vast deep.

"A world beyond seas!" murmured Naratava again. "It may be so, though men have always talked to me of chaos there; of witches, watery caverns, demons, monsters of air and sea, of storms that never cease, of dread lightnings that never end. Why should this be so? Why should the ocean lie serene off the coast of Europe and yet be given over to hateful terrors in the West? My Lord Admiral, I believe with you. It is in my mind that you will find another world beyond where the sky dips down."

There was mingled simplicity and dignity in this address, and the navigator's face lighted with pleasure. Another man had come to the Santa Maria who appreciated his aims, and it was something that he was of noble blood.

Leon left his companions in conversation and went below. He hoped to see Inez, and he was not disappointed. She left her father's room on some errand and they met. She answered his questioning look.

"My father is conscious, but——"

"Worse?" asked Leon, filling the pause.

"Yes, especially in mind."

"I need not ask if he recognized the Count."

"He did recognize him, and is filled with terror."

"Something must be done——"

"They must not meet. I have no need to urge this upon my father, for he is too much alarmed to risk anything. He avows his purpose to remain close to his room, and so it must be. Should the Count ask to see him, I shall dwell upon his illness."

"That will do for a time, but we are still sailing away from Spain. It may be many months before we see the coast of Europe again. How can they be kept apart?"

"It must be so managed. I can take my father on deck after Naratava has retired, and so guard his health."

"Besides ourselves only two persons know Don Enrique's real name. They are Gil Yanez and Francesca. I am sure we can rely upon Yanez."

"So we can upon Francesca unless—unless she makes a slip. She means well, and is devoted, but her head is not so well poised as I could wish. I dread possible slips on her part."

"Have you dwelt strictly on the need of secrecy?"

"Yes, and with due force, but Francesca is oft rash. No one could be truer or more well-meaning, but she has a vein of folly that oft carries away her wits. I can only pray that she holds her peace."

"The saints grant it be so. Meanwhile, Senorita Inez, know you that I ever stand ready to serve you. Chance has made me sharer in your secret, so pray look to me for what aid I can give. I shall feel myself favored if you will consult with me, or give me work to do in your behalf. I would save your father."

"Bless you, Don Leon! These words come most gratefully to my ears, and it cheers me to know I have so good a friend. Thank you, thank you!"

Her voice trembled at the end and her head drooped. Before Leon could reply she swept her hand across her eyes and resumed:

"The Count of Naratava has silken manners, but he daunts me with his talk of vengeance. Much I fear some one has falsified to him in Spain, else why does he single out my father as the special mark for his vengeance?"

"This may be so, but remember that the Count, coming to the Canaries, found your father had been there. His supposed wrongs assumed new life, and his anger turned against the one plotter then near. I think this explains it."

"Well, well," Inez responded, sighing, "it is not the schemers who remain in Spain, but my father for whom I feel. He is my all, and he must, he shall be saved from Naratava's vengeance."

"Be cheered. With caution, the Count may be kept ignorant."

"I will see to it they do not meet."

This reiteration pointed to fixed intentions, and, presently, when Leon went to Don Enrique's room, he found that gentleman quaking with dread and full of vows that he would not leave his quarters, but resolutions sometimes change.

That night, as usual, Leon kept the deck late. It was nearly a deserted place aft. In the small break of night, which was uncommonly dark, he could see only the men at the binnacle and the mate who had the watch. The latter was not sociable, so, while he walked along the leeward side, the younger man fell to pacing near the weather rail. He had much to think about, but he did not forget that a life-hunter had designs upon him, so he never relapsed into incaution.

Being thus alert, he was quickly observant when two other persons appeared from the companionway. Quickly recognizing Don Enrique and Inez he joined them and was graciously received by the old gentleman. The latter was uncertain upon his feet, but, leaning heavily upon his daughter's arm, he assumed an air of great dignity and confidence.

"A fine evening, sir, a fine evening!" he exclaimed. "A bit dark, it is true, making the seaboard dim, but what matters it to hardy men? Sir, I love the sea, and cannot long keep below."

"My father was restless," added Inez, "so he thought a brief turn on deck would calm his spirits."

"Restless? Calm me?" was the retort. "Nay, not so! I was of iron firmness, and my nerves twanged not in the least degree, but the salt air called to me. Again I say that I love the sea. That is why I am here now."

Leon had the two explanations and knew which to believe. He observed that Don Enrique was painfully wrought up, and approved of the device to quiet his nerves.

"Let us all walk," the older man pursued. "If we may not pace from stem to sternpost, then let us do what we may. Walk, daughter, walk faster!"

It was his agitation that cried out in these words, for his body refused rapid action. They acted, in part, on his idea, and moved back and forth, talking as easily as possible. Don Enrique was exhilarated for a while, but after some minutes he grew irritable and downcast.

"A murrain on this voyage!" he cried. "I am every moment being taken farther from the bar of Saltes, and my enemy is in the ship. It is a sore situation. I, who have ever held my head aloft with honor and spirit, must now knuckle because this Naratava is here. Caramba! and must I all the months to come smother in that rat-trap of a cabin below?"

"Father," urged Inez, "something may soften the Count."

"You talk folly. What but death could do it? Ha—death, death!"

The old man had started at his own words. Now, heedless of what was said to him, he paced more slowly and meditated. After a time he turned his regard upon Leon. The dim light of the lanterns afforded small chance for study, yet that was what he seemed to attempt. Then he suddenly shook Inez off and laid hold of Leon's arm.

"This way, young sir!" he whispered. "I would speak with you."

Inez sent a swift, anxious look at Leon, but he humored the fancy and the men drew apart from her.

"Softly, softly!" continued Don Enrique. "Moments are precious, and I'll out with it. Look ye, I'll give you a bag of gold if you will watch your chance and stab Naratava to the heart! Do you hear? Slay him, slay the unrighteous knave. He would kill me, so why shall I not be beforehand with him? Death—ay, there is the key to the lock. Speak, Don Leon, will you slay the Count?"

It was a startling proposal. Not because it indicated Don Enrique's heart as it normally was, but because it told of shaken reason and insane design. With his scheme afoot there was no knowing what would come of it. In an instant he had become a dangerous man to have in the Santa Maria.

"Senor," answered the younger man, hurriedly, "I beg that you——"

"Speak!" was the repeated command. "Will you kill Naratava?"

"Ah!" came in a new voice, "who speaks my name?"

Leon started and wheeled swiftly. Another man was close by their side, and he was the Count of Naratava.

CHAPTER XVII.
THE MARINERS REVOLT.

The coming of the Count was a great surprise. He had retired long before, and, it was supposed, for the night. Now he was on deck, and, though he had not practiced any secrecy, it happened that nobody there had seen him until he spoke.

His words were a verbal bombshell, and Don Enrique first writhed and then suddenly hung limp upon Leon's arm. Plainly, he was frightened to the point of collapse, and unable to protect his secret, so Leon, after his own first moment of consternation, made a zealous effort to act for him. If Naratava had overheard the last speech in full it was a dubious hope, but it must be tried.

"The adventures in the Little Senorita," returned the young man, "make subject for endless talk, and you were one of those on board."

"Unless my memory fails me, I assuredly was," the Count agreed. "A lively little experience. Still, it is past, and you and I, Don Leon, heed such adventures but little. Pray, whom have we here? Do I not behold Don Rafelo Blyde?"

"My father, senor," interrupted Inez hurriedly, "was faint and ill, so we bore him on deck for air."

"An admirable plan, senorita. Fresh air is a masterful cure for some ills. Truly, my heart is with your sire, and it is pleasant to meet him. Don Rafelo, see in me your most humble servant. As a companion of my cruise your needs must interest me, but as father of our fair Inez the interest doubles. I am Naravata. Permit me to introduce myself by eye as well as by word."

This was said with his usual geniality, but what he did next was not so agreeable. Stepping to one side he lifted a lantern and lightly rejoined his three companions. As he held the light aloft its rays fell upon all clearly, and the group would have held the attention of an observer. The Count was smiling and cheerful, Inez and Leon were startled and tense of nerves, while poor Don Enrique, hanging upon his champion's arm, had a little more stiffness of body than a rag, and his eyes, set in a pallid face, were similar to two terrified wild animals in a corner.

Naratava looked and his smile faded.

"Pardon me," he added, "I did not know the good gentleman was so ill."

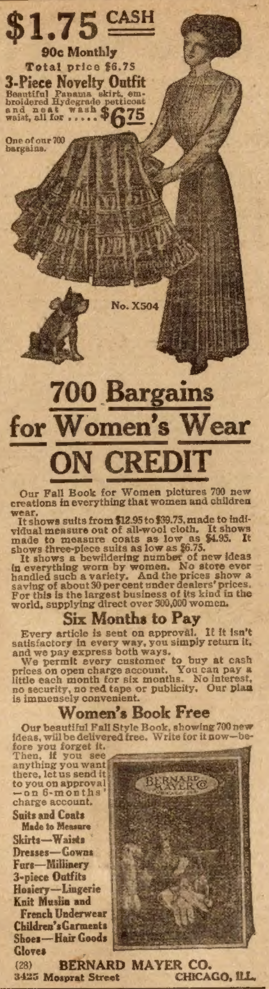
"My late peril has told harshly upon him," quavered Inez.

"'Tis a paternal trait, but now that the danger has vanished it is good to be consoled. Don Rafelo, take heed to the fact that your child is now among friends."

"He has been severely dealt with," said Leon quickly. "His own recent shipwreck, the disappearance of Senorita Inez—ay, that was what so shook his nerves."

"I can well believe it. Yet, the peril and dread have gone. Pray, Senor Blyde, let me grasp your hand and assure you that I well appreciate your feelings."

He took the hand, but it lay limp and cold within his own, and its owner shrank and stared wildly. Leon was exasperated. Why could not Naratava comprehend that he was trespassing and take himself off? For a moment he was tempted to fling the Count overboard, while Inez was shivering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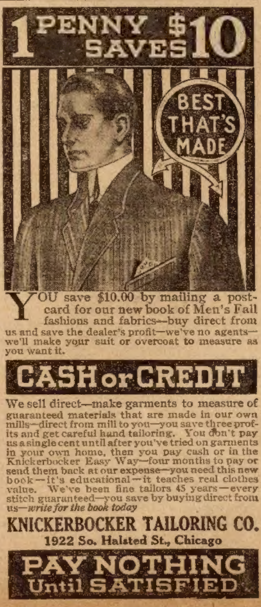

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A good talker is one who knows when to quit.

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Avoid those who are always wanting to borrow money—and those who have none to lend.

When we hear a man howling for justice we wonder what jail he would land in if he got it.

After a girl has celebrated her 30th anniversary she ought to have sense enough to marry a widower.

A young man who speaks from experience says it is easier to keep company with a girl than it is to keep a wife.

Walking is said to be the best exercise for brain workers—and a lot of brain workers can't afford to do anything else.

Why will women try to put a No. 6 foot in a No. 4 shoe, then proceed to decorate the other extremity of her person with a hat the size of a cart wheel?

(Continued from page five.)

with fear that worse was to come. Don Enrique, at bay, made a visible effort and his lips moved as if he would speak. His daughter expected some alarming betrayal, but the father, naturally a brave man, abruptly conquered his present mental weakness and rose equal to the occasion. Strangely enough, he drew himself erect and cold dignity settled in his face.

"Your kind words are appreciated," he said calmly. "I think you are the stranger who came lately to this caravel?"

"Yes, senor."

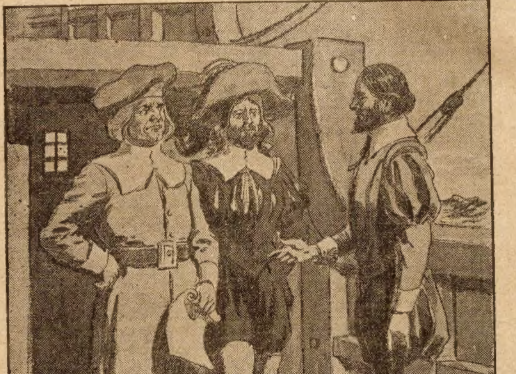
"Your gracious speech does you credit, though, really, there is no occasion for condolence. My daughter and I are reunited, and my bodily ills—why, they will pass like a shadow. I have a trifling complaint that comes and goes. It is over now. Why, good Count Naratava, I am inclined to challenge you to race up aloft. Almost I think I could outfoot you. If I were inclined I could step lightly from ratline to ratline, and the shrouds would shake merrily with my swift progress."

"Indeed, senor, I am pleased that you feel so brisk."

"I am far from old yet."

"That is clear."

"Besides, youth is not a calendar affair, but a matter of the muscles and nerves. Let us talk. Your arm, Naratava, and we will pace to and fro while the children linger by the mast."



"It is for you to interpret the letter."

The audacity of his suggestion was staggering to Inez, but, before she could interfere, the Count had taken the arm and the two were moving as indicated. She bent toward Leon.

"Alas, alas!" she breathed. "It will out; the truth will be spoken."

"I am not so sure of that. Don Enrique has taken a marvelous turn, and all will be well if he holds it."

"If he does!" Inez echoed, sighing.

Leon did not reply. Don Enrique baffled his analysis, for he could not understand such a sudden change. Presently old theories returned to him. He had known that the old gentleman was greatly shaken when he came on board the Santa Maria, but he had discovered no more than lack of equipoise. But the events of the evening suggested homicidal inclinations, and he was not sure Naratava was safe as they walked.

Naturally, he kept all these ideas from Inez.

For ten minutes the older men paced, and all the while they talked easily, and often gayly, but Inez would not permit this strain to last. She finally pressed forward and checked her father.

"I pray you, sir, stay no longer here now. I am sorely wearied, and I would have you retire also. I am sure the Count will excuse two invalids."

Naratava promptly and graciously assented, and as Don Enrique yielded, he was soon moving toward the companionway on Inez's arm. At the first step he paused and called to Leon, who came at once. Don Enrique chuckled audibly.

"Can you guess," he asked, "what tonic enabled me to withstand that knave's presence?"

"Nay, senor."

"It occurred to me that he would soon die. The recollection was an elixir—nay, it was youth returned to me. I pray you, young sir, do your work tonight. Stab the Count as you walk with him, and cast his body into the sea. Fail not! Farewell!"

So saying Don Enrique waved his hand and went below.

The last words had confirmed all of Leon's suspicions. Inez's father was no longer of sound mind, but, having the man he feared as a close companion, his thoughts had turned adrift, a mania possessed him, and his one consuming idea was to see Naratava murdered.

The latter was wholly unconscious of his situation, and he talked with Leon for ten minutes longer, saying kind things about the supposed Rafelo Blyde and his daughter. Then they went below and the deck was left to the mariners.

After that night there was a lull in proceedings. The weather held fair, no other sail was sighted, Leon was unmolested by his foes, and the Count did not penetrate Don Enrique's secret. The latter kept his room most of the time, occasionally going on deck at night, and rarely encountering Naratava. His wish to see that person slain did not die away, but he was cunning in his mania, and Leon and Inez managed to offer fit excuses for delay.

Meanwhile, the fleet sailed onward into the unknown seas, ever drawing farther from the bar of Saltes, and closer to the end of the voyage.

On the eighteenth day of September the voyage was made notable by the passage of a flock of birds easily recognizable as land fowls. This was hailed as a positive sign that something more than water lay off their bows, and as the flight of the birds was northwest they gave evidence that the proper course was being held.

The long-existing discontent before the mast received a blow, and the sailors grew light-hearted. Smiles succeeded scowls, grumbling gave place to jests, and every eye was strained for sight of land. This condition held for some days, but as time passed and nothing but water was seen before them, the good cheer vanished, the old mood returned, and it was a surly, dark-faced crew that trod the deck. The old signs of trouble returned, and, exactly one week after the passage of the birds, matters came suddenly to a head. Columbus had been below, but a messenger came abruptly from the mate with tidings that the mariners were in revolt.

Hastening up the companionway the navigator saw the men partly aft, with the pugnacious Doron at their head. They looked ugly, and the leader was swaggering with importance. He met his commander's gaze defiantly, but the admiral was as serene as ever.

"Well, men," he questioned, "what is it?"

"Life there," returned Doron, pointing astern, and then, shifting his index finger to indicate the west, "death yonder!"

"What have you seen?" Columbus asked patiently.

"Nothing, and that is just it. Nothing! Bah! a flock of birds that may be water fowl for all we know. As for land—bah!"

This was not argument, but shameful insolence, and the navigator's face flushed. He bent a severe look upon the mutineer, but Doron held his head as high as ever.

"Well?" Columbus answered calmly.

"The upshot of it is, we demand that the ships go about and lay a course for Spain. We want to see Palos again, and we never shall if we hold this course. I have heard wiser men than—than myself—tell what is yonder. Violent seas, vast watery pits, waves of fire, hideous lightnings flashing in air, troops of wizards headed by the Evil One himself—I have been told they are there."

"Ay!" shouted another man, "we all know they are there, and we demand that you turn back."

"Turn back, turn back!" was the chorus from the mutineers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STARTLING ENCOUNTER.

There was ugliness in that combined shout, but Columbus was unshaken. He retained singular composure, and surveyed the mutineers steadily.

"Men," he returned, "the problematical part of our voyage is past. Land is very near. The birds told us that. My arguments convinced our gracious majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, and the fowl should satisfy you. Land is near. It would be folly to go about."

"Would you launch us into vast gulfs, or burn us in sheeted lightnings?" demanded Doron arrogantly.

"No such things are off our bows. The ocean there is like unto the ocean off the bar of Saltes. Why need we fear it? Truly, there is nought to fear. Men, two things I am about to do. First, Master Doron has seen fit to pass the limits of endurance and offer indignity to his admiral. He is under arrest, and shall remain so until his spirit is humbled. Next, though I have oft reasoned with the rest of you, I will again and more fully demonstrate my position. Also, I will fix a limit inside of which I pledge my word to show you land. This is my final decision."

His manner was so quietly confident that many of the sailors were influenced and their opposition fell away, but Doron was beset with mingled fear, anger and defiance.

"I will not submit to arrest!" he cried. "It is bad enough to drag a free man into the haunted seas, but to be dragged there as a prisoner—why, 'tis monstrous! Shipmates, who is with me to the end?"

He had his boon companions, fellows as evil as himself, and they raised their voices in a lusty shout of insubordination.

"We are all with you, Doron! Turn back, turn back!"

The Count of Naratava touched Leon on the arm.

"There is mischief in their mood!" he whispered. "A dangerous crew, and I foretell fighting on this deck. Nothing else will quell them."

Even while he spoke Gil Yanez came running swiftly from the larboard bow, where he had been hanging half-over the bulwark, sad at heart and vexed because Columbus was so mild with the malcontents, but his frame of mind had abruptly changed. Running, he raised a shout of his own, and it rang out loudly and alive with exultation.

"Signs of land, Lord Admiral and shipmates! This time it is no bird upon wing, but—well, to the bulwark and look for yourselves. Your eyes will tell the tale."

The mutineers heard in disdain and unbelief, and so did not move, but others obeyed the summons. Looking as directed, they speedily raised a shout, and one after another gave their testimony jubilantly.

"Green leaves in the ocean!"

"Then it is a miracle. Why, it cannot be!"

"Berries hard by the leaves—but no, we dream."

"Sharpen your eyes," advised Gil Yanez. "It is a branch from a tree, with leaves and berries upon it. Who will say now that land is not off our bows?"

"Where trees grow, there must land be."

"Yet this branch may have drifted here from Spain."

"Ha! and would the leaves have remained green? Not so, they would long since have withered in the ardent sun."

"A tree, a tree! Land is—land must be near!"

All this was heard by the mutineers, and, though a part of them, including Doron, maintained their surly and belligerent attitude, the greater part were carried away by the tidings. They rushed to the larboard rail and looked for themselves, and the dullest-eyed of the crew saw what had been announced.

It was the turning point in the voyage of forecastle discontent, and the open opposition died away. Superstitious fears were forgotten, the mariners cheered, and from that moment a sharp watch was kept for land. Columbus, secretly overjoyed, but outwardly dignified, addressed Doron and told him his punishment would be passed by for that time, so harmony was restored in the Santa Maria.

Some hours later another discovery was made, for an object of wood was seen in the water and, being hauled aboard, was found to be a curiously carved staff.

And this, like the branch of the tree, had drifted from the west to meet them.

The fleet held its course with a marked change in the mood of its people. Excitement was universal, and nobody cared to sleep.

"Who will be the first to sight land?"

The question had been asked by somebody, and it aroused intense competition. If a new land lay beyond, it surely would be

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a great honor to discover it, and each coveted that honor. The decks were dark with watchers, and the horizon was constantly swept to catch the first sign. Now and then a good-humored jest arose, but, more generally, there was intense jealousy, for the ordinary man begrudged his fellow the glory he coveted for himself.

Night fell, but sleep was not thought of, and still the caravels sailed on their eventful voyage. Columbus himself had taken position in the bows of the Santa Maria, and with him was a privileged group who gave their sympathy and shared his vigil. Ten o'clock came and found the seaboard generally clear, though clouds now and then passed by, low-hanging, and dark as the fog-banks that drifted like their lower part. This was the situation when the admiral gave a little start.

"Yonder, gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "What see you? Look—no, it is gone!"

"What saw you, commander?" asked Naratava.

"Was it but fancy? I surely thought I saw a light, a gleam as from a moving lantern or—ha! again, again!"

"I saw it not, Sir Admiral."

"But I did!" cried Leon. "I saw a transient gleam, even as said. It cannot be the odd lights that perch sometimes on the rigging of ships, for it was low down, near the water——"

"A light, a light!" exclaimed Naratava.

Some of the others had been looking as critically as those who spoke, but none saw the thing announced. Thus, while some claimed to have shared in the navigator's discovery, there was doubt in the group, and it was not lessened when ten minutes of watching failed to bring a repetition. Columbus observed the lack of conviction, but he was not discouraged. Turning to his officer he bade him cast the lead for soundings. It was done, and twenty fathoms reported.

"Aha!" exclaimed the Count, "that is no deep sea bottom. Twenty fathoms! The water has surely shallowed oddly. Land of some sort must be near."

So thought Columbus, but when they had held their way for hours unbelievers multiplied and many went below for the night. Twelve o'clock came, and the admiral and his faithful few were standing as before when Inez started from her position, leaned forward and shaded her eyes with her hand. A moment of attention and she suddenly wheeled upon them.

"Land, land!" she cried, pointing over the starboard bow.

"Land?" echoed Columbus. "Where, child, where?"

"Yonder! Do you not see? That dark, low line is neither cloud nor fog, but land, land!"

"If it be so," quickly interposed the Count, "it is you who have first discovered the new world."

"She is right," said Leon. "Mark that bank well. As she has said, it is not fog but land!"

A murmur of voices followed, but the commander was last to speak. He gazed until positive, and then turned gravely to them. His face was serene, but an exultant light was shining in his eyes.

"It is land!" he said composedly.

The discovery was made, the long weeks of sailing had been fruitful of results, the suspense was over, and eternal glory awaited the name of **Christopher Columbus.** Yet, the land was well away, barely distinguishable in the night, and not to be approached like a charted landfall of later times. Remote as it was, shallows might lie between, and the possibility of going aground was strong, so the navigator ordered the three vessels brought to and anchored. It was done, and they were soon riding easily, but the dark line held their attention firmly.

"'Tis a mighty lure!" exclaimed Naratava. "Would we were there."

"Day will show our prize more plainly," returned the admiral.

The Count started to speak, stopped, took a turn across the deck with lowered head and then came rapidly back to the leader.

"Sir Admiral," he said, "it is fitting—and, indeed, imperative—that you be the first to set foot upon this new land, and yet I crave one favor. I burn with ardor, I thirst to see the marvel nearer by. Pray, sir, will you give me a boat that I may go with a few and cruise along the coast a trifle?"

It was an unexpected request, and Columbus hesitated, but the high rank of the speaker and the good will existing between them carried force. He did not refuse, and after some meditation he gave an affirmative reply.

"If you wish, go!" he answered kindly.

Naratava did not pass the chance by, but made prompt preparations. The smallest boat was lowered, and Gil Yanez and another mariner selected as crew, but it was not so easy to pick the others. With so many asking for a seat the Count chose narrowly and took only Leon. They were about to leave the Santa Maria, and were the center of a massed group when somebody slipped a paper into Naratava's hand. He started and looked to see who had done this, but was unable to tell.

"All is ready!" sang out Gil Yanez.

Leon was already in the boat, so the Count forgot everything else and followed. Once there the mast was quickly stepped and the little craft pushed away. A sea-breeze was afoot, and under its breath the sail filled and they were off on their voyage, stout Gil steering their course.

"There is less light ahead of us now," remarked Leon. "A fog-bank is aboard."

"We will pass through it as you would cut bread," replied Gil.

"We shall soon fetch to land with this wind on our quarter."

"And then—marvels o' life—what shall we see?" growled the seaman, wagging his bushy head.

They said more, but the Count did not hear them. He still held the paper that had been thrust into his hand, and he grew curious. If it was worth looking at further it was well to do it at once. A lantern had been taken with them, muffled by a bit of sail, but he so far freed it as to get its light. Then he saw the paper, saw words written upon it, and easily read:

"Naratava, are you blind? Know ye that Rafelo Blyde's real name is Don Enrique de Zarate, your enemy. His daughter Inez loves Don Leon."

It was all, and much in little. The Count finished the perusal, meditated, glanced sideways at Leon, and then folded the sheet and thrust it into his pocket. In the excitement of the moment his reading had passed unnoticed by the others.

"Sir," said Leon, suddenly turning upon him, "'tis a glorious sail we are taking. This boat is like the fore-foot of the Santa Maria thrust out toward the land, and we are its moving forces."

Naratava did not hear the words; he was thinking of the revelation just come to his hand. Surely, it was ample food for thought, and he lost all notion of time as they whipped along with the sail bellying stiffly. Suddenly he aroused.

"I see no more of land," he remarked quietly.

"I have but just stated that a dense fog-bank is before us, senor," responded Gil Yanez. "We drift toward it—ay, we enter. Saint Catherine! but you could break your teeth on it, 'tis so thick!"

"I doubt not that when we pass by we shall behold the new land," added Leon. "By my faith! I would not have it fail for a fortune. My heart is set on having victory come to Columbus."

"How far, think you, are we from land now?" the Count asked.

"We cannot guess, but perhaps a mile or so."

"Ugh! the fog is surely thick. I can see but a hand's-span before my nose. If there are rocks here we may have trouble——"

"Stop!" cried the second mariner. "Look ahead—down sail!"

Naratava was briefly bewildered. He saw the other men leap and pull and the canvas obey their will. Then the boat, losing the pull of the sail, floated more slowly, but the sailor seized an oar and lay forward as if to meet some obstacle. Another moment and he was fending off from a black bulk that rose high above them.

"A ship!" gasped the Count, bewildered.

He was right and they were under its counter, rising and falling as the vessel cast the water aside sluggishly. It was astonishing, and Gil Yanez seemed to get surprisingly wrought up.

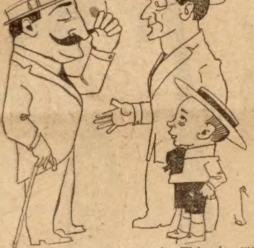
"What craft is it?" muttered Gil brokenly.

Naratava had an idea. Despite the fog and the night the ship took on a familiar appearance, and, forgetting caution, he whipped the lantern from under its cover and held it aloft.

"Saints defend us!" he gasped, "it is the vessel of Basselo, the pirate!"

This strong story of adventure, intrigue and discovery will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription.

As Usual.



Fond Daddy (to friend)—This is my youngest. Freddy, this is Mr. Jackson.

Freddy—I know. You're the man maw said had more money than brains.

Working Girls Wed.

Among the factory girl's motives for marriage, last but not least, comes her desire for a home of her own. The domestic instinct is very strong in her. More than half the girls would marry chiefly to possess a nest all their own. More than four-fifths are deeply interested in the idea.

During many an interview with some stolid, heavy-eyed young toiler the mention of this subject would bring to her face a swift transfiguration. Color would flow into the sallow cheeks and a beautiful light would come into the dull eyes which had not responded in the least to the words "love" and "motherhood."

This passion for a home is not based on the hope that it will give them more freedom than their present life affords. Indeed, only 28 per cent expect more freedom in married life and a large number of these are Italian girls, who lead before marriage "a penitentiary kind of life," as one of them feelingly expressed it. Fourteen per cent look forward to an equal degree of freedom after the wedding; 58 per cent to less freedom.

"No, there won't be near as much freedom then," declared Lucy L., who bends all day over a sewing machine in Minneapolis. "That's why I've always said that if I didn't have to work I'd never get married. You ain't got any freedom after that, but you've got a home, anyhow."

It is not for love, then, primarily, nor for children that factory girls marry. It is for a home, first and foremost. They marry to escape from the stultifying, aging, killing factory, and to get into a place which is the greatest possible contrast to it. So strongly do they feel about this that more than three-fourths of them express a willingness to marry in the face of parental opposition.

But even though the image of home looms largest in the soul of the factory girl, she has very definite ideas about the sort of man she would like to marry. Unlike the business girl, she often has time, as she bends over her monotonous toil, for brooding over the problems of life and for sending her imagination out on scouting expeditions to see what the future may hold in store.

"I think and think all day about these things," said a Philadelphia shirtwaist maker to me, "until sometimes my head is ready to burst."

* * *

If you are not satisfied with your lot, turn it over to a real estate agent.

$5.00 TO $10.00 A DAY

FREE OUTFIT

Easy Work—Good Pay

One live, wide-awake, hustling agent wanted in every community to take orders for our **fine, Made-to-Measure Clothes.** No matter about your age or previous experience, you can **make money** with our line; if you sell only one suit you earn from $2.00 to $7.00. Easy to secure orders—one customer brings you another.

We Start You, Furnish Everything You Need FREE
No Previous Experience or Money Required

We furnish everything you need to start you in a business that can be developed to where it will bring you in a handsome income. Here is a business you can take up without previous experience or ready money and become an expert right away. Our complete instruction pamphlet tells you how to take measurements just as accurately as a tailor.

There Are Thousands of Dollars In Your Territory For You

Every man in your neighborhood needs new clothes from time to time and will buy where he can get the **best value, best** fit and **best** satisfaction. Tell these men **you** have the **best** clothes in the world for the money and every man in your territory can be induced to buy from you. After you have sold a few **Progress** suits, orders **will come easy.** The style and snap we embody in our clothes, combined with the **elegant fit** a man gets, makes him a permanent customer for you.

NOW—Is The Time to Start

No better time to start than **right now.** We have reached that time of the year when everybody is interested in new clothes. The sooner you get **started** the sooner the **dollars will be rolling your way.** Go after your friends first, they are sure to order from you when they see what a **fine line of samples you have.**

SUITS $9.00 UP PANTS $2.00 UP
EXPRESS PREPAID

FREE OUTFIT—we will send you **free,** our agent's **handsome** outfit containing samples of the latest style, measuring tape, order blanks, instruction chart and everything necessary to start you in the business **at once.** Territory is now being rapidly set aside for new agents. Write at once for yours. **Act quickly.**

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500% PROFIT

Operating a Daydark Photo Post Card Machine. Three photo postal cards of any object made and delivered on the spot in ten minutes. No experience required—no dark room necessary. All work done in the machine in open day. Establish a profitable business at home by opening a Daydark Postal Parlor. Big money maker on the street, at fairs, etc. Send at once for free catalog and sample post card showing the fine work the machine does

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$7.95 17 Jeweled Elgin

Seems impossible, but we mean just what we say, a genuine 17 jeweled Elgin watch for $7.95. Regular men's size, worth $20 to any man who requires a perfect timekeeper and a watch that will last a lifetime. Manufactured by the Elgin Nat'l Watch Co., stamped and guaranteed 17 jewels. Brequet hairspring, compensation balance, micrometric patent regulator, patent safety pinion, patent dust band, jewels in settings, double sunk enamel dial, quick train lever escapement. Fitted in heavy or medium weight solid ore-silver dust proof screw case, both case and works guaranteed for 20 years. **SEEING IS BELIEVING** Let us send this watch to you by express for examination so that you can see it with your own eyes before you buy it. We take all the risk, you are to be the judge. **Cut this out** and send it to us with your name and address (and your nearest express office) and watch will be sent at once by express. If satisfactory after examination pay express agent our bargain sale price $7.95 and express charges and it is yours. Mention weight wanted, heavy or medium, and order today as this offer may not appear again. We furnish this watch in 20 year guarantee **SOLID GOLD FILLED** case for $10.95. State kind wanted, Ore Silver at $7.95 or Gold Filled at $10.95. Address

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THIS MARVELOUS MOVING-PICTURE MACHINE

which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and lifelike moving pictures as are shown at any of the regular moving-picture shows. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you.

This machine and two films are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an outfit—free to girls and free to older people. Read how to get this marvelous machine.

MY OFFER TO YOU Here is what you are to do in order to get this amazing moving-picture machine and the two films: Send me your name and address—that is all. Write your name and address very plainly. Mail this to me to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 12 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. There are fourteen different colors in the pictures, all wrought together in the most splendid manner. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art stores at any price. When you have distributed the 12 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected $3.00. Send the $3.00 to me, and I will immediately send you FREE the moving-picture machine outfit and the rolls of films all complete, FREE.

Sit right down now and mail me your name and address and I will immediately send you, all charges prepaid, the Beautiful Premium Pictures and complete outfit, so you can get this Moving-picture Machine Free.

E. H. KEMP, 818 W. 43d St., New York City

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach and Liver Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **GALL STONES,** backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you will feel its great benefits—**only one dose is necessary.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely **FREE** so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from **GALL STONES.** I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. **It takes them out and shows them to you.** Sufferers of Stomach Trouble and **GALL STONES** should not hesitate a moment, but send for this **FREE** treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

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Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

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You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to cure.

Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by the Pure Food and Drug Act Serial No. 25793

Wrong Trail.

First Professor of Chemistry—What are you working at now?

Second Professor—I'm trying to ascertain the cause of baldness.

First Professor—Oh, stop it; you're wasting your time. What you ought to be doing is trying to ascertain the cause of hair growth.

Her Intentions.

He—Come now, Mabel, are you going to marry me or make a fool of me.

She—My dear boy, I shall probably end in doing both!

Preparing for the Party.

"How's your birthday party coming on, Tommie?"

"Finely. I've asked all the boys and girls and they've all promised to come. All I've got to do now is to ask mamma if I can have it."

Early in the Game.

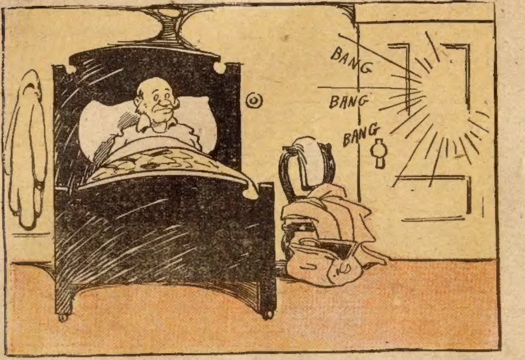
Neighbor—Is any one sick over at your house, Johnny?

Johnny—Dad's ailin' some.

Neighbor—Is he very sick?

Johnny—Not yet. Th' doctor onry started t' come this mornin'.

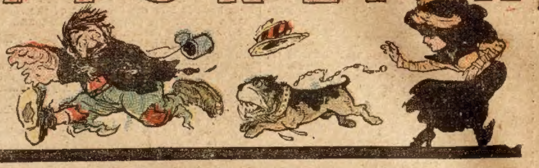
EARNING HIS TIP.



Guest—Here, here! What you waking me up for at 4 o'clock? I told you I wanted to be called at 6.

Porter—Yes, sah; I know it, sah; but I just wanted to let you know that you had two hours more to sleep.

TICKLISH



An Amendment.

"See here," indignantly exclaimed the pompous little man, "did you tell Blank that I couldn't tell the truth if I tried?"

"No, sir," replied the big man, "I never told him anything of the kind."

"That's all right, then," rejoined the little chap. "I didn't believe it when I heard it."

"On the contrary," continued the big fellow, "I told Blank that I thought you might be able to tell the truth if you tried, but I didn't believe you had ever tried."

Wanted the Author.

Author (of new play in far Western theater)—Hark! What's that queer noise?

Western Manager—Comes from the audience.

"Eh? Is that their style of applauding?"

"No. It's the clicking of revolvers. I think they are getting ready to call for the author."

Method.

"Where's your office boy?"

"I sent him to the matinee this afternoon."

"Well, well! You're a philanthropist!"

"I am not. I was tired of hearing him whistle, 'Has-anybody-here-seen-Kelly,' and I wanted him to learn a new one."

All Regular.

First Passenger (on railway train)—I have an idea that is an eloping couple.

Second Passenger—No, they're married. He's been in the smoking car for the past two hours.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh.

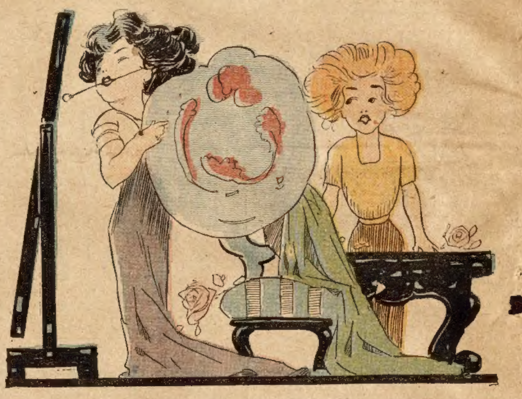
A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

BETWEEN FRIENDS.



Miss Silligirl—I think it's awful mean. That horrid Jones girl has been saying that I paint.

Miss Meannesse—Never mind, dear, I expect if she had your complexion she'd paint too.

PRESSED HARD

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in a Southern State says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach.

"Some time ago, I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavour of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family liked it so well we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but in a more marked degree in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Did Not Have the News.

Mr. Meadow (wrathfully, to country editor)—My house was robbed las' week, an' you didn't have a word about it.

Country Editor (wearily)—You did not send us the information, Mr. Meadow.

Mr. Meadow (petulantly)—An' is that the way you editors get y'r news 'bout houses bein' robbed?

Country Editor (ironically)—Well, no. Usually the thieves drop in and give us the item, but this time I guess they forgot about it.

FREE LAND GRANTS.

Many Americans are taking up the 5-acre fruit tracts and city lots now being offered free in Mexico. The only requirements are to have fruit trees planted within 5 years. Even the planting and care of the trees will be done on shares for those who can't go or do not care to go. The fruit grows bountifully and matures lusciously and commands very high prices. The Jantha Plantation Co., Section 593, Pittsburg, Pa., is the U. S. office for receiving applications. Particulars on request.

The Handy Man.

Mrs. Grabb—Dear me! There comes my husband. There won't be a whole piece of furniture left in the house by midnight.

Mrs. Gadd—Horrors! Does he drink, and is that a case of liquor he is carrying?

Mrs. Grabb—No, he doesn't drink. That's a new box of tools.

The Best Man.

"Mike, you were at the O'Finnegan wedding. Who was the best man?"

"Dinnis O'Toole. I seen dat fellow wallop t'ree iv the biggest chaps in the room before the plisintries was over."

No Harm Done.

"What marry you?" echoed the frigid-hearted maid. "Well, I guess not. Why, I wouldn't marry you if you had ten times the money my father has."

"Oh, well," rejoined the young man in the case, "you have nothing on me in that respect. If I had half that amount of money I wouldn't even know you."

Handicapped.

"Yes," said the man from St. Louis, "I am very fond of green peas, but I can't eat them."

"Why not?" queried the Chicago man who was dining at the same table.

"Because," explained the other, "I can't keep 'em on my knife."

Different Matter.

Pretty Daughter—But, papa, I don't see why you should be so down on Harold. He is willing to die for me.

Papa—Oh, well, I don't object to his doing that. I thought he wanted to marry you.

Favorable Sign.

The Friend—Do you think your suit for $10,000 damages against the railroad will be decided in your favor?

The Plaintiff—It looks like it now. My lawyer has just placed an order for a $5,000 automobile.

A Trifling Mishap.

Lady—Why are you all so worried?

Captain—The fact is, madam, we have broken our rudder.

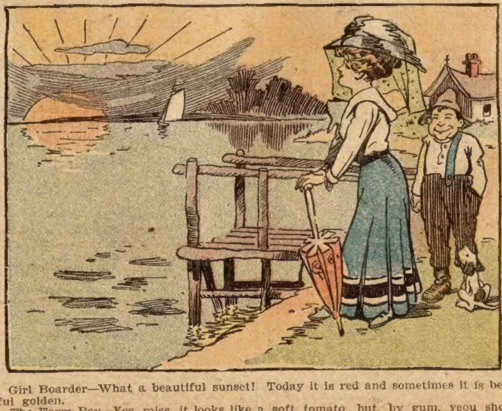
Lady—Is that all? Well, the rudder is under water and it won't show. Let's get on.

Made Him Sick.

De Tracker—The killing of that jockey in yesterday's race was a horrible affair, wasn't it?

De Better—Horrible, horrible! Just made me sick. I had all my money on that horse.

RURAL APPRECIATION.



Girl Boarder—What a beautiful sunset! Today it is red and sometimes it is beautiful golden.

The Farm Boy—Yes, miss, it looks like a soft tomato, but, by gum, yeou should have seen it yesterday; it looked just likea busted pumpkin,

The Lesser Evil.

Farmer—Why didn't you get after him for taking the gate?

Wife—I was afraid he'd take offense.

For Kidneys and Bladder.

A Reader—You are advised to send your address to Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, 37 Carrier Bldg., East Hampton, Conn., and let him direct you to the remedy he successfully used in his own case. It is better to start right and save trouble.

THE WHISTLING MAID.

She had a taste for whistling—
A taste that's not permissible;
But still I really can't object—
The pucker is so kissable.

Apple vs. Onion.

She—They say that an apple a day will keep the doctor away.

He—Why stop there? An onion a day will keep everybody away.

Roots, Herbs and Barks.

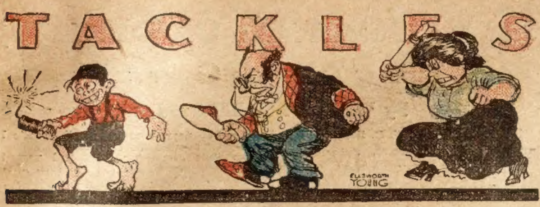
You can no doubt recall the collection of roots, herbs and barks your grandmother made every fall for the family medicine chest.

It is interesting to note that the most successful remedy for female ills had its origin more than 30 years ago in one of these home medicine chests, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made today in immense quantities from those same roots and herbs with extreme accuracy, care and cleanliness.

Great Inducement.

"In the East," related the Boston schoolmarm, "when the boys in the class are bad we make them sit with the girls as punishment."

"That wouldn't work in the West," laughed the Chicago schoolmarm. "The girls are so pretty out here if we tried that punishment the boys would be bad all the time."



Long Fall.

"My poor man," said the sympathetic housewife, "how did you get that black eye and sprained wrist?"

"Ah, lady," sighed the tall wayfarer, as he sipped his cup of black coffee, "I was a pilot on a ship an' as we left port dey dropped me."

"But, my poor man, dropping the pilot is common in marine circles."

"Yes, um; but yer see dis was an airship."

Needed Bracing.

"How do you like your built-in-thirty-days bungalow?" asked the rush contractor.

"It looks rather flimsy," commented the dubious purchaser.

"Oh, you'll get used to it. By the way, I am going to send a man around here to wire it next week."

"Very good. It looks like it needs some wires strung around to keep it from falling to pieces."

Yorkshire Plaster.

A friend on a visit to Yorkshire caught a chill and was confined to bed. Her hostess thought to give her sick visitor a treat during his confinement, so she baked a Yorkshire pudding and took it upstairs.

"Just try that," she said; "it'll shift yer cowd." Then she left him.

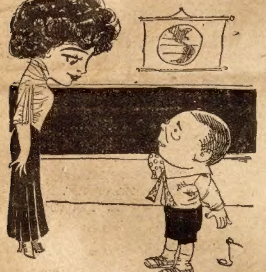
Going up some time later she inquired, "Well, 'ave ya etten it up?"

"Etten it? Etten it?" gasped her visitor. "No; I'm wearin' it on my chest."

FREE ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Mary's Kansas manufactures a remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write him for, it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge,

Precaution.



Teacher—Johnny, you stayed away from school and brought no excuse. Have you a phone at home?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am, but I cut the wires.

Fate of a Speeder.

Gunnner—Bigwood, the millionaire, started off for a banquet and was arrested for speeding.

Guyer—Then he wasn't wined and toasted?

Gunner—No; instead he was fined and roasted.

How He Knew.

Sanford—How did you find that your wife had returned home?

Parsons—By wire; I went into the house after dark and ran into one of her hatpins.

Where Trusts Fail.

"This is an age of trusts," said Wedderly, as he glanced over the newspaper.

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. W.; "but some wives know their husbands too well to trust them."

A Serious Case.

Young Mother—Wake up! Quick! Quick! You must run for the doctor.

Young Father—Eh? What's the matter?

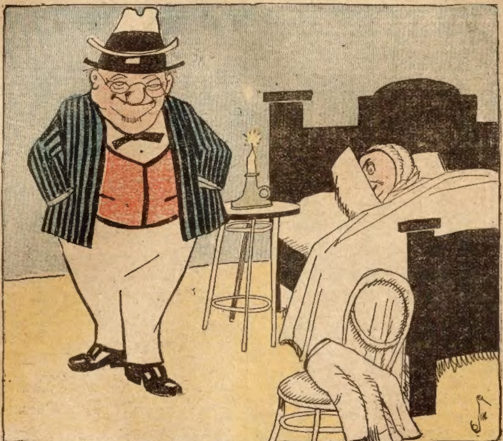
Young Mother—Baby has stopped smiling in her sleep.

All They Could Afford.

"Sir," said the indignant citizen, "I found a fishworm in my hydrant this morning."

"I'm very sorry," replied the complaint clerk, "that we cannot afford to supply you with fish, but at the present low rate for water the best we can do is to furnish bait."

SHE KNEW THE SIGNS.



"They must have had a pretty wet night at the annual dinner; my husband came home in the cold without any overcoat, but with two hats on!"

Better Than Medicine.

Sympathetic Friend—Your health appears to have improved greatly of late.

Convalescent—Y-e-s. I've been off among strangers who didn't eternally talk to me about it.

His Kick.

"Dese automobiles are a nuisance."

"What's de matter, pard? One of dem run you down?"

"No; but last night dey put me in a cell with a chauffeur, and I couldn't sleep for de smell of gasoline."

A Bad Start.

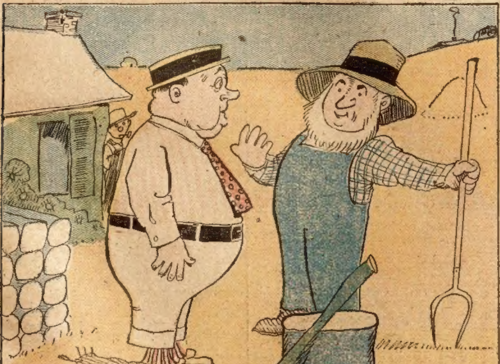
"What happened to Wilbur?"

"His automobile started yesterday."

"I thought that was what he was always trying to make it do."

"That's so, but yesterday he happened to be under it when it started."

FOXY FARMER.



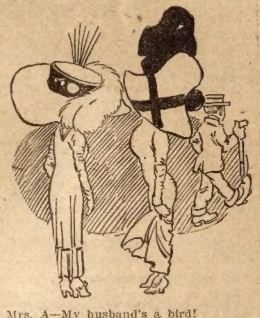
The Boarder—Say, my doctor has recommended me to chop wood a couple of hours a day. You don't mind if I work up the woodpile there, do you?

The Farmer—Sure I don't—it will save my hiring a man. But you will have to pay me a dollar a day.

Boarder—Are you crazy? Pay for the privilege of working?

Landlord—No, not for working—for the appetite you'll get out of it.

Enemies Now.



Mrs. A—My husband's a bird!

Mrs. B—Yes; I heard you'd married a jay.

The Tramp Philosopher.

"Dis poet alludes to de human brain as a great temple."

"I should allude to it as a great prison."

"Why so?"

"'Cause it has so many cells."

Its Advantage.

Miffins—What is the main advantage of Ruff's new shaving soap?

Settens—Why, it smarts the face so much that the pain caused by the dullest razor can't be felt.

Gentle Hint.

"Dear me!" said the pretty girl in the orchard. "Peaches always cause me to smack my lips."

"Indeed!" laughed the young man at her side. "Well, there are some 'peaches' that cause me to smack their lips." And then he got busy.

Appearances Often Deceptive.

"What a fine-looking man that is!" exclaimed a young lady as a gentleman passed by who would attract attention anywhere.

"Yes," rejoined her companion. "He looks like an encyclopaedia, but he talks like a primer."

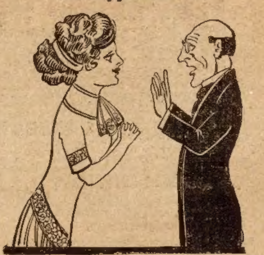
Plenty of Time.

"Don't let's wait any longer for Charlie. You know what it is when a fellow is calling on his girl."

"Ah, there they are now. He is just bidding her good-night."

"All right; let us go and have a game of billiards. We'll just have time."

An Application.



Minister—My misson is saving young men.

Sweet Girl—So glad to meet you. Save one for me.

His Finish.

She—They say her husband was driven to his grave.

He—Well, he couldn't very well walk.

Absent-Minded.

Professor—What charming children! They are twins, I presume?

Fond Mother—Yes.

Professor—And—er—are they both yours?

The Ones Who Were Locked Up.

Gotham Citizen—That was a horrible murder last night. Have you locked up the man who committed it?

Policeman—No, but we've locked up twenty people who saw it.

Her Favorites.

Reporter—So the animal trainer was married the other day? Did she wear orange blossoms?

Manager—No, sir. She wore flowers that were more appropriate.

Reporter—Indeed? What kind?

Manager—Dandelions and tiger lilies.

He Was Mistaken.

"This country would be all right," said the traveler in a heathen land, "but it isn't civilized."

"That's where you go lame, stranger," rejoined the native. "Two per cent of the population owns ninety per cent of the land. What more civilization do you want?"

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The Vanishment of Gulnare;

A Thrilling Tale of the Copper Region

By WILLIAM T. BARTWICK

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE PUZZLE.

IRL WALLACE found another before him when he entered the Tidewater Hospital—Caleb Scadds, the constable.

"Hist!" said the officer, in a warning whisper, as the young prospector approached the couch on which the burly lumberjack lay.

"He is bad?" asked Irl, as he drew near and looked into the face of his old enemy.

"He is, he is; I'm afraid he won't rally again."

Irl drew a chair up to the bed within an arm reach of Scadds.

The operation spoken of in a previous chapter had not been successful, in that it had not even served to prolong the life of the bad man of Tidewater.

Grant Stynch had engaged in one of his drunken brawls in which he had received a broken rib and some other injuries of a somewhat serious nature. The surgeons felt called upon to operate in order to save the wretch's life, and he lay now hovering on the brink of eternity.

Scadds, in his official capacity, had come in to obtain some communication from the witness, only to have his dangerous condition block all efforts in that direction.

"Has he told anything?" asked Irl in a low voice.

The constable shook his head. "Not a thing," said he. "He don't seem to have a sense of his surroundings." The speaker then produced a vial and poured a few drops into a spoon. This he forced between the teeth of the injured man. Stynch stirred, groaned and opened his eyes. At sight of Irl a sudden light of recognition flickered over his countenance.

"Good. I—I want to tell you—you——" aspirated the sick man.

"Yes, tell me," urged Wallace, in a low voice, drawing nearer, taking the hand lying on the coverlid.

"What—what have they done with him?"

"With him?"

"With El-Eldow?"

"He is in jail; has not been tried yet," quickly flashed the prospector. "Tell us——"

"I'll tell, yes, I'll tell," faintly articulated Stynch. "I was mad, mad—at—at—him——"

"Yes, yes," said Irl, leaning eagerly over the speaker, whose breath came hurriedly, husky with weakness.

"He used me mean—I want—wanted revenge."

"Yes, yes," urged the anxious Irl.

"It—it was a put-up job."

"What was a put-up job?"

"About the stage holdup. I—I didn't do it. He—he——"

The man got no further. A gush of internal blood choked him and he turned partly over and fell into unconsciousness. In vain the two men tried to revive him. It soon became plainly evident that Stynch had no further voice for this world.

A great disappointment fell upon the two men.

When at length they tiptoed out, the surgeon suddenly summoned, informed the two that Grant Stynch had spoken his last syllable on earth.

And yet he had spoken words that meant much. Irl feared, however, that it might not be succinct and convincing to a jury. He, as well as Scadds, had written down the half-uttered words of the dying lumberjack, and, comparing notes afterward, found them to agree exactly.

"Too bad he dropped off like that," said Scadds as he walked with Irl away from the vicinity of the hospital.

"Yes," said Irl. "He had told you nothing before I came?"

"Not a thing."

"We must then make the best of the few words he did say."

"Mighty little that'll be," returned Scadds.

"I have my opinion."

"As to what?"

"As to the meaning to be attached to the words of Stynch."

"They seem to puzzle me."

"He said it was a put-up job."

"Yes, and that meant——"

"What?"

"That he and old McForce put up the holdup job to send you over the road, my boy, therefore, his last remark only serves to fix the crime more firmly upon the prisoner."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure I do. Can anybody think any different?"

"I can and do."

"You surprise me. What do you make out of what he said?"

"I make out that he wished to retract his charge against McForce."

"But he didn't do that."

"I think he did."

"Explain, if you can."

"Our notes agree as to what he said," declared Irl. "He said he was mad at him and put up a job on the manager."

"Well, no, I do not read it that way," examined his notes. "He said it was a put-up job——"

"On McForce."

"No, he does not mean that. Listen. 'He used me mean. I wanted revenge.' Now that refers to McForce or to you, Mr. Wallace."

"It certainly refers to McForce."

"I do not agree with you there. It was you he hated; he put a job on you for that reason. He did not do the holdup act perhaps. In fact he says when dying, 'I didn't do it—he did.' Now that is explicit."

"I fear you misinterpret the meaning," said Irl, biting his lip. "He did not finish the sentence—not quite."

"No, but near enough for all practical purposes," avowed the constable.

And thus discussing what had passed under their observation the two men hastened on their way.

Irl went to the home of Miss Susan, the old maid sister of McForce, who was the latter's housekeeper. He thought to encourage the good lady and perhaps learn something new. The lady in question was not at home. Irl turned and walked over to the cottage of Cherry's aunt.

He did not see Cherry. She, too, had gone out and would not return immediately.

Irl's interpretation of the last words of the lumberjack were to the effect that the whole story told by him was a falsehood. First he had turned against Irl, afterward, and, too, after his injury, he had sought to implicate the mine manager in that crime. Some fancied wrong had doubtless induced him to do this. When he knew himself about to die he changed his story and gave utterance to the truth.

It seemed plain enough to Irl that Stynch meant to exonerate McForce, although his imperfect language might easily be interpreted to mean the exact opposite. The whole affair was shrouded in deeper mystery than before.

And now the young prospector remembered what Silene had said about Doctor Crystal. His testimony would surely be required when the case came to trial, since he it was who examined the driver, Tompkins, and pronounced him dead on the night of the holdup.

Where was the doctor now? He had promised Silene to find him and he meant to keep that promise.

Irl went to his room, threw himself into a chair and assumed a thoughtful attitude. He was beginning to believe McForce innocent of that midnight crime, although he was not yet ready to regard him as anything but an evil genius.

A tap on the door brought a boy with the mail.

There were papers and several letters. One by one he went over these. Not one seemed to interest him very much; mostly business letters, and he was interested in only one sort of business just now, that of finding out the exact truth about that stage holdup and murder.

The last letter brought an ejaculation.

"From Tim Nelson, as I live!"

He tore it open hastily and soon mastered its contents.

"My Dear Irl—We hear nothing from you of late. I presume Aunt Gulnare found you in your hiding at the last, but even she does not write. Drop us a line and let the homespun folks know what you and your aunt are doing to pass the lonesome hours in that far Northern region. Yours to command, TIM."

Irl Wallace sprang to his feet.

"By gracious!" he exclaimed, "here I have been neglecting Aunt Gulnare in my efforts to unravel this murder puzzle! Mercy! what has become of the dear woman while I have been going through a siege of bitter experiences? I'll turn the world upside down, but I'll find her."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARCH OF EVENTS.

Grant Stynch was dead. Few there were to mourn his departure.

Gabriel Lickspur went to New York on business, returning with an astute lawyer to aid Wiseax in his effort to save the mine manager from the penitentiary.

Wiseax became miffed at this, threw up the case and returned to Chicago, from which city he sent in his bill to the copper king for the sum of five thousand dollars.

"The infernal Shylock!" howled Gabriel in a rage. "I'll see him in hades forty fathoms deep before I'll be bled for any such outrageous sum!"

Irl was present and heard this outburst.

"I think you will never have to pay any such sum," he said by way of a soother. "Why, it seems to me the boot is on the other foot."

"Eh? How is that, young feller?"

"This man Wiseax threw up his job and left you in the lurch. Now, if I know bee from bull's foot, you have a clear case of damages against him."

"By hokey! that's right!" exclaimed the mine owner. "I'll send in a bill to offset his, that I will."

"Better than that, Mr. Lickspur," suggested the young prospector.

"Eh?"

"Make your damages ten thousand, then you will have him on the hip."

"I'll do it! By thunder, boy, you've got a head on you like a—like a—yes, a head like a sledge-hammer. Wish I'd known you sooner. Let us be friends everlastingly, Mr. Wallace," and the big man thrust out a hand and shook the other's till it ached his arm.

This was all well enough. Our young prospector was getting on amazingly. In fact, his work had never really run counter to the business of those engaged in exploiting Lickspur mining interests. McForce alone had been the deadly viper in the camp.

"Now we are on good terms, youngster, tell me what you have been doing during my absence."

Irl gave an account of his last interview with Stynch.

"Too bad the cuss didn't get out all he meant to say. It's plain, though, that he was lying in his statement that it was Eldow who hired him to shoot up the stage."

"Undoubtedly. Now, have you seen or heard anything of Doctor Crystal?"

"Don't know the man."

"We must find him."

"Important you think?"

"Highly so. He was the man that held a postmortem in the absence of a town physician."

"Over whom—Stynch?"

"No, no, over the murdered Tompkins. Surely you remember?"

The big man laughed. "I didn't take heed of what was going on for a good many days after that shoot-up. Got a painful wound in the arm, you understand?"

The young man understood very well.

From the presence of the copper king Irl went up to the lake to have a short talk with Silene. The young man's mind was troubled. He had won back the heiress while he was yet bound in all honor to the little maid with the golden hair.

He thought of Cherry daytimes and dreamed of Titian hair and seal-brown eyes at night. He had been a sentimental fool to engage himself to little Cherry. Her violet eyes, baby eyes, haunted him. It would never do to throw her over and go back to Miss Dawn. And yet the latter was the one he really loved.

His predicament was really distressing. He saw very little of Cherry. Several times he had been at her home, never to find her in. At these times he had been full of determination to make confession of his true feelings. Always his heart failed him, and it was each time a relief to not find the gentle girl at home. He met little Jed sometimes and chatted pleasantly with the lad.

"Where are you going, Mr. Wallace?"

There, confronting him in the pathway, stood little Jed. The boy must have wandered from home, for he was now at least a mile from the village, in the heart of the great woods lining the shores of Thunder Lake.

"Well, well, Jed, what are you doing out here in the woods?" cried the very much surprised young prospector.

"I'm going after Auntie Cherry," said the lad.

"Has auntie run away?"

"I guess so. She went off with a funny man with glass eyes. He had a funny little gig, he called it, a funny little, shaggy horse, an'—an' he talked like he had a piece of pudden in his mouth."

The lad did not smile. He seemed in dead earnest while describing Auntie Cherry's caller. Irl recognized the picture at once as that of the missing Doctor Crystal. His interest was aroused. He questioned the lad very closely, eliciting nothing very tangible, however.

It was good news to know that the doctor had turned up once more. In any event he (Irl) should be able to meet the doctor and question him with regard to the events of that memorable night in the past.

Jed desired to accompany his friend, so Irl pursued his original plan and called at the Dawn cottage on the bluff, where he met Silene, all smiles and glad-eyed, to see her young gallant once more.

Jed went to play with a dog that lived in a kennel near the cottage while his friend visited with Miss Dawn.

Irl mentioned the letter he had received from down State regarding his Aunt Gulnare.

"I am truly very anxious about her," said he. "It's now at least a month since she departed for the North. I was sure she must have perished on the lake in a storm, although now it seems hardly possible, since I do not recall to mind any boat lost this summer in the north end of Michigan."

"It certainly is your duty to find her," was Silene's comment.

"Yes, yes, that is true," he said hurriedly. "You know, this case of the stage holdup has occupied so much of my time. Stynch is dead——"

"So I heard. Did he make any confession?"

"Yes, something in that line. I think we shall be able to clear McForce, although we may not find the real criminal, you know."

"Leave that to the detectives, Irl," and Silene smiled so entrancingly the young man forgot all about his business troubles and went in for a brief hour of unalloyed enjoyment.

Leaving Jed in the care of the young woman who presided in the cottage kitchen, Irl and Silene went down to the lake and were soon on the water in one of the big rowboats. It was a pleasant afternoon, the air full of wholesome ozone, the trees that lined the shore alive with happy songsters.

Silene never posed to better advantage than today.

The boy lost his heart anew in the meshes of her smile. Cherry and that promise he had made on this same water some time before were forgotten while Silene and he rode in happy-hearted enjoyment of everything outspread for their delighting.

"It is late, I must return," said the girl suddenly.

"I am sorry you have to go, but we shall meet again soon, after——"

"Yes, after this wretched trial is over and Eldow goes free," she said, with her pleasant laugh

After his marriage to Cherry'

This was his thought, the very first one in that direction since he had permitted himself to accompany the heiress on the lake. It came like a flash of lightning from a clear sky. He must not permit his love for Silene Dawn to swerve him from his duty to his little, trusting betrothed. Cherry would die of a broken heart should he cast her off now. As for the other, the stately Miss Dawn, she had more strength to endure; and besides Irl was not quite sure that she would not find surcease for sorrow at the loss of one lover by taking up immediately with another. So you see, dear reader, he was not quite conceited enough to imagine himself indispensable to the happiness of two of the most beautiful of their sex.

Silene splashed the water gaily, her bare, rounded arm, soft and white as milk, swaying back and forth, now and then a freckle stamping the pure skin with its triumphant dot.

Of a sudden a clout of water struck the youth full in the face

A little shout of laughter followed. Irl frowned. She caught that look of annoyance and cried:

"I am so sorry, Irl."

"Oh, that's all right," he returned, "only please don't do it again."

"It was an accident."

"Sure it was."

And then they both laughed. When the skiff grated on the sand, a slender form stepped from the shadow of the boathouse and approached, one small hand holding up the pale blue skirt of an exquisite gown—Cherry Winslow, pale of face, with earnest, pleading violet eyes!

"Mercy!" exclaimed Miss Dawn. "You, Cherry, and looking as white as a ghost" What has happened? If it's Jed, why he is safe up at the house."

"It's not Jed. I wish to see Mr. Wallace."

"Oh, very well, I am through with him for now," and Miss Dawn sprang laughingly ashore.

"Get in, Cherry," said Irl, his heart sinking because of the trouble he saw in the eyes of pretty Cherry.

She accepted the offer, seating herself in the bow of the boat, drawing her skirts up about her dainty feet.

"Now row as fast as you can to the village, Irl."

"Why, yes, of course, but —"

"I'll explain as we go along."

The girl never once glanced back at the retreating figure of the woman climbing the hill to the cottage above. Her violet eyes fixed themselves directly on the face of Irl, yet seeming to look through and past him to some distant object beyond.

Silene, climbing the hill, turned when near the summit, and glanced backward across the water. A little catch came to her breath when she saw those two together in the skiff. Cherry was dangerously pretty, and she knew how susceptible was the heart of Irl Wallace.

CHAPTER XIX.

DOCTOR CRYSTAL SPEAKS.

"My, we forgot Jed!" suddenly exclaimed Wallace in order to break the oppressive silence which was getting on his nerves.

"Jed," responded his companion. "Yes, I forgot him," and she laid a pink arm across her lap and tried hard to smile.

"But, then, of course, he is safe with Silene," said Irl.

"Yes, quite safe with her," agreed Cherry in an absent-minded manner.

The man regarded his companion in quite evident alarm. What had come upon Cherry, the cheerful, the optimistic? She was certainly distraught this day. It was such a pleasant day, too, and the girl had promised to explain, which she was not doing very fast.

"I think you said something about Doctor Crystal?" at length spoke the prospector suggestively.

"Ah, yes, Doctor Crystal. He wants to see you, Mr. Wallace."

"Does he indeed, Miss Winslow?"

Her violet eyes glanced ominously into his gray ones.

They both laughed.

"You are getting ceremonious, Cherry," said he.

"No more so than you are, Irl."

"Let's drop it, then, and act like sensible Christians."

"Yes, I suppose that is what we ought to do," and the girl sighed and tried hard to smile. It surely was an effort.

"Now, what is the trouble, Cherry?" asked he in his light way "You act like one bearing a great burden. I trust you aren't holding some tremendous secret locked in that bosom of yours, for if you are——"

"Well, if I am?"

The violet eyes grew wider as she fixed him with her gaze.

"In that case, consider me your father confessor," returned he laughingly.

There was no smile on her face when she said, very slowly

"I have a secret, Irl, one that is worrying me not a little, but you, of all men, must not know about it You'll find out all too soon, and then——"

"Yes, and then?"

He regarded her for the first time seriously.

"And then—but I dare not contemplate what may happen."

She gathered her pretty pink fingers about one knee, in a knot, and swayed uneasily in her seat, the violet eyes wandering from his face into a distant channel, a stray blush stealing up across the velvet white cheek.

"Simple little child," he thought. "She makes mountains out of mole hills. I wish I could tell her all that is in my heart. I am sorry for her, so sorry, and for myself also. Why could she not love some one with a better heart than I have got? I am always in hot water."

Then his thoughts wandered to the cottage on the hill where that other maid, she with the Titian hair and eyes of brown, smiled in her faith in him. Ah, how soon would she hate him worse than ever—she did hate him once, she had said it and he believed her. He remembered how true it was that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, even a shorter step from a woman's love to her hate.

Irl rowed with fierce desperation.

This was certainly not the pleasant boating trip it had promised to be. He remembered when an hour like this would have been hailed with wild delight. Now—now he was quite in a stew himself, while Cherry ——

"Why do events happen so queerly sometimes, Irl?" she asked.

"I can't say, I am sure," was his dulled reply. "To what do you particularly refer?"

"To a-many things. Now, there's Doctor Crystal."

"Yes, there's Doctor Crystal?"

"He is a strange sort, don't you think?"

"I don't know the man."

"He is queer. He wants to see you. In fact, I came all the way to the Dawn cottage to tell you. I learned that you had gone that way, and at a certain hour the doctor would be back. He has something of importance to tell you, and that is how I did not wait, but rushed off like a house afire Oh, yes, I might have driven, but I preferred to walk."

"And you seemed to know exactly where to go?"

"Why, of course. Silene has been your friend so long."

"Quite a while."

He wondered at her calmness when talking on such a subject. Another woman might not have liked her betrothed visiting an old love as he (Irl) had been doing Cherry was in a class by herself, a dear, faithful, guileless little thing! Ah, how his heart warmed toward her at that moment. If it had not been for Silene—but, pshaw, he must throw her out of the reckoning. He would marry Cherry and make the best of it. Silene would soon forget him, likely marry the manager of Lickspur mine, should he be fortunate enough to escape the penitentiary.

This latter thought was a worrisome one to Irl. He could not bear the idea of his first love wedding a man like McForce. Yet he ought to have nothing to say; he was pledged to Cherry, and to her he would be faithful though the heavens fall.

That last ride he was ever to take with Cherry Winslow was one long to be remembered by the boy prospector. There was no lovemaking, no reference to their engagement. He could not bring himself to discuss that subject, and she seemed to have something else on her mind all the time.

He noticed she wore his ring, and that she made no effort to disguise its brightness. And yet, all during that ride, she was not quite her natural self. He wondered at it then, but not afterward.

It was nearly night when the young couple arrived at Tidewater village. They went at once to the home of Cherry Winslow, and there, pacing under the big trees before the house, was the slim figure of a man.

Cherry at once introduced Irl to Doctor Crystal and then ran into the house, leaving them together.

"I have a good many patients," said the doctor, lifting his glasses to rub his small eyes with a cotton handkerchief, "and I can't waste a great deal of time. We must talk fast. I want to tell you a few things."

"I am here to listen to what you have to say, Doctor Crystal."

"Yes, that is kind of you. By the way, perhaps we had better ride out a ways, we can talk much better so."

The speaker walked to his gig near and motioned Irl to mount the seat. Soon the two men were whirled away toward the lake shore drive.

"I have learned of the incarceration of Eldow McForce for the murder of Tompkins, the stage driver," began the doctor. "Now I think I may be able to throw some light on a dark subject."

"Light is what we are looking for, doctor," agreed Irl.

"The charge against the prisoner is murder, if I have heard rightly?"

"That is certainly the charge."

"Too bad such a mistaken idea got out."

"How mistaken?"

"Mistaken because there was no murder."

"No murder! What do you mean, doctor?"

"Exactly that. Tompkins died a natural death."

"Well, the idea!"

Irl was plainly astounded.

"I have been away on my travels for some weeks. When I got back I was surprised to learn that you, as well as Mr. McForce, had been jailed for shooting up the stage one night several weeks ago."

"Yes," said Irl, "I had a rather disagreeable experience. Was saved from more trouble by the real robber confessing."

"You refer to Grant Stynch?"

"Yes, to Grant Stynch. Since then he has partly confessed that his first statement was a lie to injure me. After that he implicated McForce, and then again exonerated him. He died without making everything quite plain, however."

"Well, I think I can demonstrate that Stynch was full of lies, while nobody was very guilty. As I said, Tompkins died on his box, but not from a bullet wound."

"You surprise me, Doctor Crystal."

"No doubt——"

"Surely you brought in a verdict of death from a bullet——"

"Nothing of the kind," interrupted Irl's companion. "I was called in a hurry that night, or rather early morning. I found no wound on the dead stage driver, but I gave a verdict of death, and it was misconstrued by a lot of frightened officials. I was gone without fully explaining. Now I wish to tell all the facts. I select you for a confidant for reasons you will learn later."

"I am listening."

"As I said, Tompkins died a natural death. There was some excitement, a shot fired, old man Lickspur wounded, and a cock and bull story of a stage robbery told to gaping villagers. Fact was Tompkins had a weak heart. He died from fright and nothing else."

"But there was a holdup? Lickspur's wound proclaims that."

"Well, as to that I can't talk just yet. I have a patient under my care to whom I wish to take you tomorrow. Will you be on hand to go with me then, Mr. Wallace?"

"Yes, I think so."

The doctor dropped his surprised companion at his lodgings with the understanding that before noon of the next day he was to call for him in his gig for a jaunt through the hills.

The next morning, however, brought such an avalanche of startling events as to drive his promise to the doctor quite out of Irl's mind.

One of the first to greet the prospector the next morning was Scadds, the constable. He was considerably excited, and plainly angry.

"Did you have anything to do with it, Irl Wallace?" he demanded.

"With what?" asked the young man.

"With the escape of the prisoner?"

"Our prisoner?"

"Yes, I mean Eldow McForce, of course."

"But he——"

"He broke jail last night and has made good his escape!" declared the constable with considerable emphasis.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME SURPRISES.

Irl consulted with Scadds about last night's happening.

"It was plain that he was aided to escape by outside hands," declared the constable. "That proves as I told you, that he is guilty enough, despite the dying words of his tool, Grant Stynch."

The face of the young prospector flushed and he seemed deeply moved.

"It is too bad," he said at length.

"There have been influences at work to save the fellow," pronounced the constable, still at a white heat. "Old Lickspur has been at work. He fetched a Gotham lawyer on, and, I believe, learned from him the hopeless nature of the case, after which

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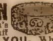

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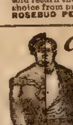

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this escape from jail was resolved upon."

"What have you done about it, Caleb?"

"Telephoned and telegraphed everywhere out[illegible]."

"Very likely he can't go far."

"I'm not so sure about that with such powerful friends. I mean to get him, though, if it gets my [illegible] in men and [illegible]."

Irl Wallace walked by himself in a thoughtful mood.

Somehow there was something a bit peculiar [illegible] this sudden flight of the imprisoned mine manager. Since Cherry and her relative were the man's nearest neighbors Irl turned his steps thither in a rather confused state of mind. Despite the earliness of the hour the aunt was astir and actually glad to see the young prosecutor.

"I am so glad you have come," said she.

"You have heard the news?" asked Irl.

"Oh, yes, and I have news for you."

The woman placed a sealed note in the hand of her caller.

It was from Cherry; Irl recognized the chirography instantly. He regarded the woman in some surprise, asking: "Has Cherry gone away?"

"She was here last evening, gone this morning. I have had no communication with her, but suspect something."

"What do you suspect?"

Irl was in some anxiety with regard to his betrothed wife.

"Read the letter, do, that may explain," urged the woman.

Irl sat down, tore open the envelope, then uttered a sharp "Oh!"

A glitter of circular gold fell on the carpet at his feet. He picked this up, recognizing it at once—the ring he had placed on Cherry's [illegible].

"A ring, it seems," muttered the anxious aunt.

Irl perused the note with mingled feelings of anger and grieved surprise.

"Dear Friend—Don't blame me when you read this. I shall be happy with the only man I ever truly loved. You are such a nice boy! Eldow is [illegible] mature intellect, too good and smart for me, you'll say, but I love him all the same, and he loves me. I was mistaken, did very wrong, in fact, to accept your ring and your troth. After I read the initials engraved on the inside I made up my mind you weren't so very desperately gone on me as you pretended. Of course, I knew when I saw them that the ring had been originally intended for Silene. Go back to her; she cares more for you than any other woman ever can. When you read this we shall be halfway to the sea coast on our honeymoon tour. Forgive us, won't you, that's a dear boy? Your faithful friend,

CHERRY WINSLOW."

Irl did not have to examine the ring to remember that his own and Silene Dawn's initials were engraved on the inner circle. He had actually forgotten this when, in his intense feeling against the girl who had tossed him over, he had fallen into the snare of Cherry's violet eyes.

With a sigh the boy turned the letter over to Cherry's aunt, telling her to read it if she liked. This she did, of course, and grew very white and angry when she had finished.

"The ungrateful hussy!" she exclaimed. "And yet I might have known. They were together a lot. Jed brought them together. Do you know that Jed is his child, Mr Wallace?"

"I supposed the boy a nephew."

"A bit of deception on Eldow's part. I am sorry for you, sir——"

"No need of that, madam," and Irl laughed, feeling very much relieved over the fact that he was no longer bound to the violet eyes. "Feel sorry for your niece rather, who has thrown herself away on a man like this one."

"Ah, but you don't know Eldow," quickly cried the woman, defending the late prisoner. "I know his history. His first wife was not a good woman. She left him, creating a scandal. She afterward died. He is free to wed again. He has loved my Cherry for a long time, only holding back because he thought her too young for him. I think the match is a good one. I was mad at first, but, if he hadn't got into this murder scrape——"

"He is innocent of that," said Irl quickly.

"Oh, do you think so? He must be, of course. I know Eldow too well to believe him guilty, yet, now he has fled it will tell against him. The disgrace ought to have deterred Cherry."

"It seems it did not. We must now work to prove the man's innocence."

Irl went out. He returned to his rooms, burned Cherry's letter, retaining the ring, however, that should one day adorn the finger of Silene Dawn, for whom it was first intended.

After a late breakfast Irl met Doctor Crystal. He had heard of the escape of the accused murderer and only smiled over it.

"Of course, since there was no murder, the man cannot be guilty," said he. "All this hubbub will amount to nothing."

"But the stage was held up. Highway robbery is little less than murder."

Again the doctor laughed.

"I don't think so. Fact is, my dear fellow, there wasn't even a holdup."

"But great thunder!" exclaimed the astonished and doubting Wallace, "what was all the trouble about? Surely a shot was fired. Old Gabriel Lickspur was wounded; there can be no doubting that."

"No, sure not."

The doctor fell to musing again. The sun mounted high in the heavens. It was past the noon hour when gig and occupants halted before a humble board house in a little forest glade shaded by primeval oaks.

"We get out here," said the doctor, springing to earth. Irl dismounted and was requested to enter the house. As he approached the door, it swung open, and before him stood—could he believe it—his Aunt Gulnare?"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"Irl, my dear boy!"

Aunt Gulnare held out both thin arms and drew her laddie to her withered bosom with a mighty hug. She held him fast and rained kisses all over his blushing face.

"Here I've been for weeks and weeks and you never come a near!" she cried, tears of joy and indignation streaming down her face.

"Well, but, good heavens, aunt, how could I know?" protested the young man as he struggled from the embrace of his ancient relative.

"We can't talk in the house; come out under the trees and then we'll tell each other everything," chattered the aunt, her black eyes sparkling, her thin cheeks burning with two round red spots.

To tell the truth, Irl stood very much in awe of this aunt of his and he could only obey in the meekest of manners. The twain soon stood under a huge oak, while Doctor Crystal drove away into the woods without once looking back to note how his young passenger was suffering.

"You are looking rather thin, Aunt Gul," ventured Iry as they came to anchor beneath the oak.

"Thin, thin!" she exclaimed. "Well, I guess you'd be thin if you'd been ill near a month, next door to death a good share of the time at that."

"So bad as that, aunt?"

"Yes, and a lot worse. You never tried to find me either, you ungrateful boy," she rebuked. "But then, it is always that way with Young America these days, they care nothing for relatives, only the almighty dollar."

"Please, aunt——"

"Didn't you get my letter, telling of my intended visit?"

"Why, yes, certainly," stammered he.

"Then, why didn't you look me up after the stage came in without me?"

Her black eyes were fairly snapping.

"Well, you see——"

"I don't see and I don't care. I meant to return to lower Michigan without seeing you at all. When Doctor Crystal told me of the scrape you had got into I decided to wait a spell. I wasn't quite well enough to get out at first. Now you are free I told the doctor to fetch you here. You begin to understand, don't you, Irl?"

"Yes, I think so, aunt," he faltered, not comprehending, however.

I have had an awful time of it, a most strenuous time for a woman of my age, Irl."

"Of course you did, aunt, and I am impatient to hear all about it. I have been so anxious about you that I haven't slept nights ever since you so mysteriously vanished. Now, why did you come to Slagwood instead of direct to Tidewater?"

"Nearest way I was told. Got on the wrong road, so took the stage."

"And you were actually on the stage that night when the holdup took place, Aunt Gulnare?"

"Yes, I was there."

"How many passengers——"

"Four at first. Two got off at a halfway house. An old, pussy man, myself and the driver, were all when we got into that trouble."

"The big man was Gabriel Lickspur——"

"Yes, the driver called him Lickspur. The pussy man was so drunk he could hardly sit up. I was afraid of him. He kept looking around at me and calling me 'his dear.' That made me mad as a hen. I took my revolver along to protect myself with. I'd read of the dreadful wildness of the copper country, you know, and being a lone female, thought I'd go armed."

"Yes, indeed," assented Irl, deeply interested in what he heard.

"I told the old chap to mind his own business. I wanted to cuff his ears, the old villain. His breath smelt awful of whisky. I just pulled out my revolver and pointed it at him in the dark."

"Did he see it?"

"I don't think so. He was too drunk to know much about what was going on. When we were in a very dark place the horses became frightened and ran. One of the stage wheels collided with a tree, the old omnibus of a trap collapsed and we all fell into the road, my pistol went off and I heard the pussy old man yell murder.

"As for the driver, he keeled over and never moved after that. I lost my head, too, for a time. When I came to I found myself wandering in the woods alone. I was all shook up and soon collapsed. A man, driving along the road—not the stage road, I had left that somewhere to the right—picked me up and took me right here. He's Mr. Sanford, a nice man, with a wife and two children. I was that sick I went to bed and haven't been in my right mind for a long time. The Sanfords called in Doctor Crystal and I have been under his care all the time. I'm not strong now. Haven't felt able to hunt up my friends; and besides——"

"Well, aunt?" as she hesitated.

"I was mad because you didn't hunt me up, so I just waited to see what you thought of your old aunt anyhow."

"But I was in jail, you know, for shooting up the stage."

"It seems so, but I didn't know of that till lately. I at last sent Doctor Crystal to find and fetch you to me, so here you are and the mystery of that stage holdup is explained. I am glad my shot did not do any great damage to the pussy old man, for, although it was an accident, I wouldn't want to have his blood on my hands, it would be too dreadful."

"To be sure it would."

So elated was the young man with this strange outcome to all the recent troubles which had involved both him and Eldow McForce, he put his arms about the old maid's neck and hugged her till she cried for mercy. He kissed her, too, till she was satisfied that her boy Irl was, after all, one of the nicest youngsters in the world.

Irl at once engaged Mr. Sanford to convey himself and aunt to Tidewater. Once there an explanation was entered into that cleared up all the shadows surrounding the case of the stage holdup. Gabriel Lickspur, when he came to refresh his memory, was quite willing to corroborate Aunt Gulnare in nearly every statement she made, even owning the corn as to his own unstable condition on that memorable night.

The old maid's story, together with Doctor Crystal's statement that Tompkins, the driver of the stage, had not been shot, but died from heart failure, superinduced by sudden fright, completely exonerated both Irl and Eldow, leaving no after suspicions to vex the most skeptical.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

I was a Heavy Drinker!

Consumed quart of Whisky every 24 hours.

CURED IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol [illegible] regularly or periodically, [illegible] send [illegible] "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking [illegible] I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or [illegible] to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily—and some [illegible] drinks and beer [illegible].

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family [illegible], lost [illegible] and became a [illegible] burden [illegible] except the saloon keepers who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a joyous message for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true cure. It was [illegible] genuine. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored. I became and am a respectable man [illegible] every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily [illegible] lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee and other non-alcoholics. [illegible] craving for liquor ceased; [illegible] my stomach became well and I recovered from rheumatism and other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL

My cure took 3 days; if I had relied upon will power [illegible] I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has no will power while drinking. I rejoiced so greatly at having found a true cure that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous. During [illegible] years I have personally attended to over 6,000 men and women who were addicted to drink; the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. If I were permitted to mention names of those who have been saved through this great permanent cure the public would be astonished. They include public officers, great lawyers, bankers, clergymen, noted merchants, skilled mechanics, trusted railroaders and clerks, farmers and others in all vocations.

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person or relative or friends who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to cure the drunkard. I rejoice in every cure. Every victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and permanent home cure between Friday night and Monday night or any other 72 hours.

Men and Women, Any Age, Quickly Cured.

To relatives, friends or employers I say: If you want to cure a drinker in the quickest [illegible] permanently, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—change despair to joy.

True Method Discovered

Alcoholism is a disease for which a remedy has at last been discovered, and this is what I offer to you, dear reader, under absolute guarantee. It is the true Method, the genuine Treatment which you have so long been seeking and which drives the alcohol poison out of the system after all others fail. It is the most successful method in the world, and is creating a great furore, not only in America but throughout Europe. It is endorsed by medical men, by the clergy and by thousands of persons who owe their present happiness to the Woods' Method. It is easy to take and is a perfect Treatment which can be taken without loss of time and with marvelous effect upon the general health. It induces contentment, a well stomach, a clear head, bright, magnetic eyes, calm sleep, optimistic feelings and general satisfaction in living. And it induces money saving, too. *[illegible] me in New York.*

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments and remedies which have [illegible]. Remember, it costs nothing and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence [illegible] confidential. Cut this advertisement out [illegible] write to-day.

What I say I do, I do do!

Are you a drinker? Do you wish to cure yourself? If so, here's my hand, my warmest sympathy and my positive assurance that within 72 hours after you obtain my set of Remedies you will be better satisfied with [illegible] your life. You will not be sick during my 3 days' Treatment; you need lose no time. Nobody need know what has caused you to give up liquor or beer forever unless you choose to tell. You can enter bar-rooms or even pour out whisky without feeling the slightest temptation. You will be elated to [illegible] cured. Think of what you waste in money, think [illegible]. Get rid of the craving forever. [illegible] What I say I do, I do do!

Get the Genuine Drink Cure

Do you want to cure someone who is near and dear to you? Then my Set of Remedies is what you should get. Do not be misled by what seems to be [illegible], but [illegible] positively valueless and means a [illegible]. Read the testimonials. [illegible] The Woods' Method is known the world over; [illegible]. I cannot say much in this advertisement; [illegible].

Is Love of Strong Drink Ruining Your Home?

Whether you are the drinker yourself, or the relative of a drinker, I know that intemperance is doing great harm. It will continue to be worse until the craving for alcohol is absolutely conquered, and when this can be easily done in 3 days, why hesitate another day? [illegible]

I will prove to you that men who have drank heavily [illegible] years have been cured in 3 days without losing an hour's time [illegible].

You can read in my circulars how wives secretly cure their husbands. [illegible]

My Treatment restores will-power, strengthens the brain and nerves, heals and regulates the stomach, kidneys, heart, liver, virile organs, etc.

My Method puts the [illegible] in that happy condition where he gets as much satisfaction from a glass of water, buttermilk or lemonade as he used to imagine he got from liquor or beer.

You shall see for yourself that mothers and fathers are secretly curing erring sons, and that they are rejoicing at the wonderful results accomplished.

You cannot doubt the efficacy of my Set of Remedies when you read my iron-clad, absolute guarantee, backed by integrity, money, brains and reputation.

DRUNKARDS SECRETLY CURED

Read about what is being accomplished and learn that no matter what you have tried in the past you can now succeed. Gentle, safe, guaranteed Method.

Mrs. W. R. Carman, Echo, L. I., N. Y., writes: "My husband drank heavily for over 30 years, lost positions and was in awful condition. In 3 days he was completely cured by the Woods' Home Treatment. We have been very happy ever since."

Mrs. Sarah Mock, Wrey, Colo., writes: "My husband did not want to stop drinking, although it was killing him and also me. Tried other remedies in vain. I gave him Mr. Woods' B Treatment secretly. He soon began to detest liquor and thought a miracle had happened. In a few days he was completely cured; has never touched a drop since and is wonderfully changed for the better."

Mrs. Marie N. Lane, [illegible], N. J., writes: "I cannot find words to express my joy. Your treatment worked wonders with Mr. Lane. He is completely free from all craving."

Mrs. Wm. Pring, 80 Williams Ave., Hyde Park, Mass., writes: "I started giving your remedies to Mr. Pring on a Friday [illegible] by Sunday he was completely cured. [illegible] He hasn't ever had any craving since. Was hard drinker [illegible] years."

John L. Corlish, M. D., [illegible] St., Brooklyn, N. Y., certifies: "To my personal knowledge, the Woods' Method for curing alcoholism is perfectly safe and reliable. It cures in 3 days. I know many successful cases."

Fred A. Giddings, Gorham, Me., writes: "I drank liquor over 40 years, could find no cure until I got Woods' Set of Remedies. Am completely free from craving."

Mrs. C. Mil[illegible], Box [illegible], N. Y., writes: "I first drank gin as a [illegible] got the habit and could not stop until your [illegible] Treatment did it in 3 days."

Dr. A. B. Griffiths, Ph. D., F. A. S., [illegible] having analyzed the Woods Treatment: "The remedies are perfectly harmless, yet exceedingly effective, [illegible] permanently the craving for alcohol."

FREE BOOK

W. L. Slade, New Freedom, Pa., writes: "I have not been in such good health for 10 years as I am now. Peaceful sleep, clear brain. Used to average a quart of liquor daily. Was completely cured in 72 hours by your Treatment."

J. P. Eckenroth, [illegible], Pa., writes: "Had been a drinker many years heavily; health was nearly ruined. Could never stop until I took your Remedies; completely cured now."

Hundreds of References, that you can write to, will be sent with my Free Book, in Plain Wrapper.

In two or three years the cured drinker is able to make up for what he has lost in many years past, as he is in the full possession of mental and physical power. He becomes a man among men.

The drinker's other bad habits and often his ailments such as stomach disorder, rheumatism, liver and kidney trouble, etc., usually disappear when he is cured of alcoholism. He begins to love his home and all that is near and dear to him. He is a changed man and he knows that every minute is worth living.

If you cannot write to me to-day, cut this advertisement out and keep it as it will probably not appear again. My address is always Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth Avenue, near Herald Square, New York, N. Y.

For drug habits, including the taking of opium, chloral, cocaine, morphine, laudanum, cholera mixtures, paregoric, etc., I have special remedies, particulars of which will be sent on application if you plainly state what drug is being taken. These treatments are not the same as that which I send for the alcohol habit.

Tobacco habit. A guaranteed Remedy. Write, asking especially for my book on Tobacco Habit. You can quit easily and enjoy better health.

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THESE PICTURES TELL AN INTERESTING STORY

1. Happily married although he has had some experience with drink before. 2. Assures his wife that he never feels desire for drink now. 3. The Demon of Alcohol has again taken control, despite his good intentions. 4. Discharged. Employers do not care for drinking men nowadays. 5. Acts strangely toward his family. 6. The poorly clothed children are mocked and their father called a drunkard. 7. What little he gets goes for drink. 8. The poor wife is in despair. 9. Has received Woods' "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave" and is greatly interested; sends for the Set of Remedies. 10. The beginning of happiness; postman delivers box. 11. Putting some medicine in his coffee. 12. He drinks it. She continues to give the preparations. Soon he hates the taste of liquor. 13. His will power has returned. He promises never to touch another drop—and means it. 14. Getting rid of the evidences of his downfall. 15. Regains the position he had lost; employer congratulates him on having taken the Woods Treatment, which is curing so many and which employer has recommended to the wife. 16. No trouble to pass saloons now. 17. Making a report to the Woods' office, giving names of a few wives who ought to read my book. 18. Home, as it is when King Alcohol is cast out of it.

There is nothing extraordinary about the 18 illustrations, they represent merely a typical case. I could show hundreds, yes thousands, of interesting series, all varying somewhat, yet with the same general outcome. My Treatment conquers the craving for drink, and it succeeds in very many cases after all methods fail.

Frequently large sums are paid for treatment in sanitariums, institutes, etc., yet the liquor habit is conquered only for a brief period and the drinker is afterward permanently cured by the Woods Method.

My system consists of two forms of Treatment, A and B. My A Set of Remedies is guaranteed to cure alcoholism in three days if the drinker willingly takes the remedies. My B Set of Remedies is the secret method which gradually causes a detestation of drink, so that the person hates even the odor of it.

The Woods' Remedies are guaranteed under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Act and are covered by a certificate which insures success. The preparations can be taken by drinkers of any age, men or women.

Please keep this advertisement. You can do a kindness, make homes happy and perhaps save a life by showing this to those who need the good news. Address

EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Av., 356 G, New York, N. Y.

A WIFE'S MESSAGE

Cured Her Husband of Drinking.

Write Her Today and She Will Gladly Tell You How She Did It.

For over 20 years her husband was a hard drinker. He had tried in every way to stop but could not do so. At last she cured him by a simple home remedy which anyone can give even secretly. She wants everyone who has Drunkenness in their home to know of this, and if they are sincere in their desire to cure this disease and will write to her she will tell them just what the remedy is. She is sincere in this offer. She has sent this valuable information to thousands and will gladly send it to you if you will but write her today. As she has nothing to sell, do not send her any money. Simply write your name and full address plainly in the coupon below and send it to her.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON,
731 Home Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.

Please tell me about the remedy you used to cure your husband, as I am personally interested in one who drinks.

Name ....

Address ....

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and your present earning, or are you ambitious? Want to "get ahead?" If you will let us we can show you how to become an expert auto-driver—like the above man at the wheel. His job isn't "work"—it's a cinch. Such experts EARN $35 TO $40 A WEEK.

and there is a big demand for them. Our Home Study Course trains you in your own home in a few weeks' time. A Small Down Payment Starts You. Write today for our free prospectus, with samples of lessons.

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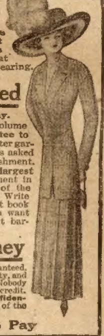

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This model furnishes a striking example of the values we offer in high grade women's suits. Illustration shows single breasted, straight front effect with coat 33 inches long and 11 gored plaited skirt, stitched flat to hips. A thoroughly stylish and graceful all wool suit. Blue and black. Sizes 34 to 44 bust measure. A phenomenal bargain at . . . . $10.50 One-Half Year to Pay

WOOLF'S INCORPORATED
Dept. 421, Douglas Park Station, Chicago, U. S. A.
Caution:—We have no agents or local representatives.

Rodney the Watchmaker.

(Continued from page four.)

Rodney nodded and continued to watch the crawler.

Over the roof the man came, with his face half hidden by a mask, but the boys knew him for all this.

He reached the window and felt of the sash with one of his great hands.

Suspecting the man's intentions, Rodney had removed the fastenings of the window, and now he and Reuben fell aside as if intending to let the fellow have his own way.

Captain Cunningham, sure of his prey, raised the sash and listened. Not a sound came to his ears.

The following moment one leg was thrown over the sill and then his body followed.

As he dropped to the floor Rodney gave a little signal and he and Reuben threw themselves upon the marauder. Before the jailer could resist he was rendered almost unconscious by a blow and, while in this condition, he was bound and gagged.

It was the work of a minute, for the boys worked like beavers, and when the man looked into their faces a groan escaped him. He was thrown aside and just in time, for there was another man on the roof.

"It's our old friend Peter," whispered Rodney. "What a trap of their own making the old house is to be sure!"

Ignorant of the fate of his companion Peter Peeps approached the open window and, thinking that Cunningham was already at work, he sprang into the house. The next instant he was in the hands of Rodney and Reuben. The blow aimed at the spy's head proved a glancing one and he rose to his feet and put up a lively resistance.

Tom, hearing the battle, came to his comrades' relief and the cunning spy was soon subdued.

"Any more coming, Master Peeps?" asked Rodney.

"Yes, we've got a whole army outside," was the reply.

"It's false!" said Tom. "There's no one about the house. It was a sly game of yours and the Captain's."

Peter growled and subsided.

The prisoners were taken to a lower room and placed on the floor.

Captain Cunningham showed his teeth like a wild animal, for the gag had been removed to give him breath, but the next moment Tom clapped it on again.

"How do you like it, Captain?" he asked.

The answer came from two snapping eyes and that was all.

At a motion from Rodney the gag was removed again while Dallas stood near with a pistol against Cunningham's head.

"Don't you think we did the other job up well?" asked the young watchmaker. "We got the Rebel Captain out of the city and in the next battle you're likely to hear from him."

"You should be hanged, all of you!" flashed Cunningham. "One of these days I'll pull the rope for the whole lot."

"That's pleasant," laughed Tom. "But I advise you to catch your bear before you skin him."

"What are you going to do with us?" asked the big jailer.

"What do you think ought to be done with a brute who whips helpless prisoners of war?"

"Have a care! The King's vengeance will overtake the person who harms one of his officers."

"I don't believe you have orders to mistreat your prisoners, not from General Howe, at least," said Rodney.

"I'm my own captain," was the reply. "But you haven't answered me."

"We're not going to release you, that's certain. We were so successful in getting Captain South beyond your lines that we may take both of you to General Washington's camp."

"You dare not!" hissed Captain Cunningham.

"And my friend Peter, here, would like, perhaps, to play the old woman in the American trenches."

At this the face of the spy went white and he turned his face away.

Half an hour later, in the dark cellar of the house on Buttonwood street, lay two forms securely bound. The Minute Boys of Liberty had spared no pains to make them secure, for the cords cut into their flesh and they were forced to lie silent in the gloom whilst their minds were filled with maledictions on the young patriots who had turned the tables so neatly upon them.

Slowly the long night passed away.

The figure that haunted the pavement in front of the jail in Walnut street was full of uneasiness. Mother Hawks inquired again and again of the guard whether Captain Cunningham had come back.

At last she went off exclaiming that something had happened and declared that the boys had killed the King's jailer and his companion.

CHAPTER XV.

DISCREDITED MESSENGER.

"Heigh-ho! what's wanting, my good woman?" exclaimed General Howe in cheery tones the next morning when he found himself confronted by the irrepressible Mother Hawks.

The old hag had forced herself past the sentries and now stood in his presence.

"I am here on a matter of business. I——"

"I can't listen just now. I am very busy."

"But you must listen, General," and the woman stamped on the floor. "You don't know what's happened?"

"Our outposts haven't been attacked by the Rebel Washington?"

"It's worse than that. Captain Cunningham and Master Peeps are prisoners."

"Where?"

"In the city."

"Nonsense!" cried Howe. "The Rebels aren't as daring as all that. The nearest ones are miles away——"

"Not all of them," persisted the old hag. "The Minute Boys of Liberty——"

"What, that little rabble?"

"Have captured Captain Cunningham and Peter."

General Howe fell back in his chair and laughed.

"Don't bring such stuff here," said he. "That will do to tell on the fish market. I'm going out for awhile, Adjutant," and the commander of the British army turned to his Adjutant General.

"But it's true," Mother Hawks went on as Howe picked up his sword.

"It can't be. What, those boys capture the Captain and Peter?"

"Yes, that's what they've done. They went last night to surprise the young Rebels and Captain Cunningham hasn't returned to his quarters."

"The Captain is capable of taking care of himself," said Howe, still incredulous. "You will finish those reports during my absence, Adjutant."

"You're a pretty General for the King!" shrieked Mother Hawks, stepping in front of the Briton. "You don't care how many of your good men fall into Rebel hands. No, so long as you can go to balls and ride in nice carriages with fine ladies. I wish I commanded King George's army in Philadelphia."

"Then I would say: 'God help the King!'" laughed Howe.

"I'm going to report you, General Howe," screeched Mother Hawks, shaking her fist at the officer. "By this time the two brave men may be dead, killed by those young Rebels. Oh, what a fine bird you are to be sure in your scarlet coat. I'll loan you one of my dresses——"

By this time General Howe was out of sorts.

He gave the old witch a mad look as he came around the table. All signs of merriment had left his face.

"Get out of here, Hecate!" he roared. "This is my headquarters. Tell your story in the fish market or print it in the newspapers. I'll put you under arrest if you tarry."

"That's the way with you red-coated game-cocks," flashed back the weazened hag. "I'm not going a single step till——"

"Till you're kicked out, eh?" thundered Howe.

He laid forcible hands on Mother Hawks and lifted her from the floor. She filled the air with denunciations, but for all this she was escorted into the passageway where she was turned over to the sentry on duty.

Even then she did not close her mouth, but, taking no further notice of her, General Howe tramped out of doors, leaving her to his soldiers.

By and by she was released by the sentry at the suggestion of the Adjutant and she went away with the rage of a fury.

"Some one must hear my opinion of General Howe!" she cried when she reached the open air. "Ho! I'll stop that young lady in her carriage," and she sprang into the street and halted a fine vehicle which happened to be passing.

A pretty young girl looked out of the carriage and then gave orders for it to stop.

It was Priscilla Gale, the Tory's daughter.

"Listen to me, young lady," cried Mother Hawks, as she came up. "It's a shame to be under such a heartless wretch as General Howe."

"What's the matter?" inquired Priscilla.

"Ho, I know you. You're Mistress Gale. I've seen you enter your fine home. You are Isaac Gale's daughter."

"That's who I am," smiled Priscilla. "What can I do for you?"

"I've just been telling General Howe that Captain Cunningham and Peter Peeps have fallen into the hands of the Minute Boys of Liberty, and he laughed in my face."

Priscilla started and her heart seemed to leap into her throat. The news seemed too good to be true.

"Impossible!" she said, dissembling.

"It's true. They went to capture the young Rebels last night and got into a trap. They'll murder our friends."

"Not so bad as that," responded the girl. "General Howe is going to take me to the fortifications."

"What, so you're going out with him?"

"Yes."

"Tell him that he can borrow one of my dresses and play the old woman and no longer command the King's troops in this city. You'll tell him, miss?"

Men Wanted-Hustlers

To grasp a big money-making opportunity by acting as our local representatives. We are one of the oldest made-to-measure clothing houses and want you to handle our goods in your territory. This is an opportunity to build up a big business, no capital needed, we furnish you with everything necessary and back you with our capital and reputation.

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You can either handle this as a side line or devote your entire time to the business. The work is easy and your profit will only be limited by the amount of time you devote to the work.

You can build up a steady growing business. Our line of high grade, hand tailoring makes constant satisfied "come-back" customers. We will furnish you absolutely FREE with our complete sample outfit, showing the latest fabrics, styles, illustrations, order blanks, tape measures, and show you how to take measurements as well as any experienced tailor. Our Outfit is so complete that you can commence to do business at once. You cannot fail to succeed.

Every garment made to order and absolutely guaranteed with our iron clad "money-back" guarantee insuring quality and perfect fit. Thousands have built up a profitable business in all parts of the country with our line and methods. You can do the same. We will gladly show you how they succeeded and prove positively how you can do so. Write NOW—territory limited.

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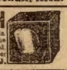

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YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 963 Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay. Write at once.

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It is unsightly, uncomfortable, spoils the figure, causing wrinkles, flabbiness and loss of vigor.

Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; you can safely reduce your fat a pound a day.

Note what my treatment has done for others.

Lost 120 Pounds.
Mrs. Eva M. Reynolds, Box 114, Lehigh, Webster Co., Iowa, writes: "When I commenced your treatment I weighed 285 pounds. I now weigh 165 pounds, and never felt better in my life."

Lost 51 Pounds.
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Lost 98 Pounds.
Mrs. J. H. Wooldridge, Galena, Mo., writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved, have lost 98 pounds. Friends amazed."

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys, become diseased, the breathing becomes difficult and the end comes in HEART FAILURE and sudden death. You can save yourself from these DANGERS.

I want to prove to you FREE that my treatment will positively reduce you to normal and no matter where the excess fat is located, stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, it will quickly and safely be reduced without exercising or dieting. Your figure will be beautified; flabbiness and wrinkles disappear. Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles leave as the fat goes away. I will send you without a cent of expense on your part, my PROOF TREATMENT FREE. It reduces fat at the rate of a pound a day and does it safely and permanently.

Don't miss this offer. My PROOF TREATMENT is FREE. It will make you feel better at once. I will also send you Free my new book of advice, together with testimonials from many well known people. Write today.
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You Can Get Your Own Clothes At Inside Price to advertise us. Write today and receive exclusive territory. If not interested show it to your friends as this is too good a thing to miss. The biggest chance to make money.

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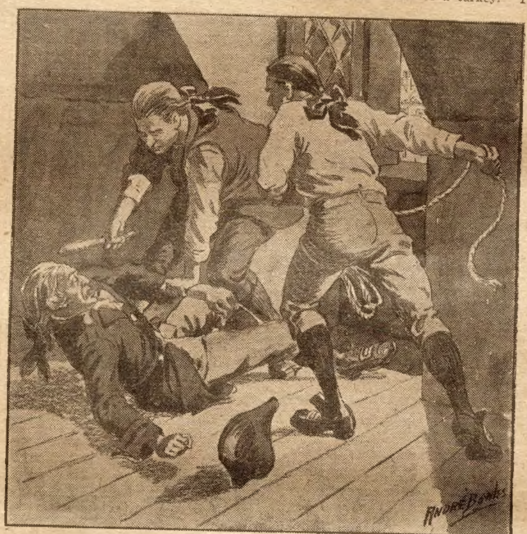
Priscilla nodded and smiled.

"I'll see that the King hears of this insolence on the part of his General or my name's not Nancy Hawks!"

She fell back and the carriage moved on. If Mother Hawks could have looked into the vehicle she would have seen a fair face seamed with unspeakable pleasure, and heard words that would have set her old heart on fire.



Rodney and Reuben threw themselves upon the marauder.

Ten minutes later she rushed into Jotham Joram's jewelry shop and confronted the old Tory.

"Why didn't you have your young 'prentice hanged weeks ago?" she cried.

"What's happened now?" asked Jotham mildly.

"Why, he and his gang have captured two of the King's men right in the heart of the city. They're dead by now."

The jeweler's face assumed a blank look, and he said:

"I must say that my young apprentice was the best watchmaker in Philadelphia."

"I don't care if he made all the watches in the city!" cried Mother Hawks. "That doesn't clear him of his last crime."

"I was really sorry to lose him, madam—"

"You're worse than General Howe," shouted the old hag. "You don't care how Master May damages the King's cause. You think more of your watches than of all King George's colonies."

"I cannot listen to your tirade. Go and report to the King's officers."

With this Master Joram turned away, leaving Mother Hawks to fume on in her ungovernable rage.

She stamped out of the house like a fury. On the pavement she stopped as Colonel Simcoe, at the head of the Queen's Rangers, came up the street.

With a nimbleness which one would not have suspected from her age, she leaped into the street and caught the bridle of Simcoe's horse.

"Mebbe you'll listen to me!" she exclaimed, looking up into the Colonel's face. "The Minute Boys of Liberty have captured Captain Cunningham and Peter Peeps."

"That's pretty hard on 'Cunny' and Peter," said Simcoe, trying to shake her loose. "Go and tell General Howe, my good woman. We're going off after Rebels just now."

"You're all alike, bad luck to you!" screeched the old woman. "I hope none o' ye will ever come back!" and with this she stepped aside of her own accord and nearly fell under the feet of the horses of the squadron.

"I've got one more chance!" cried she, suddenly righting herself, and the next moment she was bounding off.

Not long afterward she rushed into General Knyphausen's private quarters like a storm. The Dutch General was reclining on a settee with a pipe in his mouth. He was quite alone.

When he saw his visitor his face assumed a strange expression and he looked nonplused.

"Vat is it, heh?" he exclaimed.

"It's everything that's bad," vociferated Mother Hawks, believing that at last she had found the right man. "Captain Cunningham has fallen into the hands of the Rebels."

"Vell, den, he von't whip any more?" quietly observed Knyphausen.

"He and Peter Peeps, have been captured by the Minute Boys of Liberty."

"Is dot so?" drawled the German. "Vell, now dot's too bad."

"They're dead by now, perhaps," went on the old fury.

"Dot's worser still," said Knyphausen, taking another puff.

"Send some soldiers to the house on Buttonwood street. I'll guide them."

"Sheneral Howe is in command of His Majesty's army in Philadelphy."

"I know that. I've been to General Howe——"

"Und vat he say?"

"He laughed, the big fool!"

"Sheneral Howe laugh?" cried Knyphausen, grimacing. "Dot's funny."

Mother Hawks could hardly restrain herself. She was a volcano of fury, and the next moment she stood over Knyphausen shaking her fists in his face.

"I'm going to turn Rebel, I am!" she yelled. "I'm going to forswear my allegiance to the King. He's got a lot of red-combed generals in his army. I don't care if Washington drives all of you out of Philadelphia."

"Vot's dot?" cried the old Dutchman.

"I wish the Rebels would take the town tonight. You don't care for anything but good times and fine dinners. You're a lot of strutting peacocks in nice feathers, all of you! I don't care if the young rascals hang 'Tiger' Cunningham and Peter Peeps as high as Haman."

The Hessian General rose slowly to his feet and took his pipe from his mouth.

"Git at once away!" he cried, his face reddening like the comb of a turkey. "I am Sheneral Knyphausen——"

"How much did King George pay for you?" shrilled the termagant.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back.

The hand of the General seized Mother Hawks' arm and she went out of the house like a cannon ball.

"How mooch King Shorge pay for me, heh?" roared the Dutchman as he turned back. "Dot vas too mooch? I no stand dot from anybody," and as the discredited messenger picked herself up on the pavement he flung his pipe across the room and fumed alone in his insulted greatness.

When he looked out of the window Mother Hawks had vanished.

The conclusion of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

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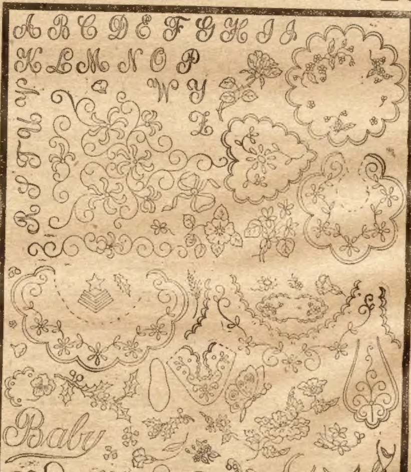

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The Vanishment of Gulnare

(Continued from page twelve.)

Irl Wallace hastened to pay his respects to Miss Dawn.

She had heard of the escape and elopement of the mine superintendent with her friend Cherry. She laughed a little when she heard all the truth.

"I do hope Cherry will be happy," said Irl doubtingly.

"Don't borrow any fear on her account, Irl, dear," said Silene, leaning her blushing cheek against the young prospector's shoulder. "She has long loved Eldow, and she has a heart of gold."

"Oh, as for her, that's all right. It is of McForce I was thinking. He always seemed such a villain to me. I distrust——"

"No, don't do that. Eldow is a man who schemes deeply in business affairs, but where his heart is concerned, believe me, he will be true to Cherry. I have known him long and well. He is good at heart, yet a little queer at times."

"Of course I ought to be satisfied having you," agreed the youth. "I am to go South with Aunt Gulnare, and I want you to go along—make it our honeymoon trip, Silene."

For answer she leaned a little closer, pursed her full red lips and kissed him. That settled it. Irl was satisfied and we may safely conclude that so is the reader.

The end.

MADAME LA FOND'S FASHION NOTES.

Some Features of Early Autumn Suits.

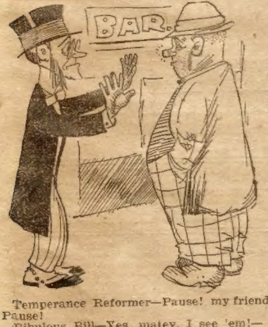
Early autumn suits are already being displayed, and while it is probable that later models will appear, these early ones give evidence of prevailing styles, and are sure to be of interest. A great many rough materials are shown, cheviots, homespun and the like, and diagonal weaves are appearing both in single colors and in combinations, so that it is evident we are to have a season of variety of fabrics as well as of styles. Both velvet and satin collars are exploited and there is a considerable amount of braid used as trimming. An interesting feature is to be found in combinations of wide flat braid with soutache.

Coats, for the most part, are quite simple, and are in finger or nearly finger length. But the notched and the shawl collar both will be fashionable. There is some tendency toward the panel effect, and it is very pretty and smart. But these first coats are most of them comparatively simple. Jackets are straight in effect and half fitting with seams to the shoulder at the front and to the arm-holes in the back, or at least that is a favorite combination and a new one.

Skirts show plaits used in various ways. A pretty one is plain at the sides, but is plaited at the front and back, arranged to give the effect of a broad double box plait at each point, these plaits being made from extensions and only extending to a portion of the depth of the skirt, while the upper portion is stitched flat to give the snug and smooth fit that is general whatever else may or may not exist. Plaits used in this way, however, give comparative freedom for walking, while they are pressed so flat as to preserve the long, straight lines, and these early suits suggest comfort as well as smartness. As a matter of course there are plain gored skirts, and there are skirts with circular bands, but plaits in moderation make a feature of early fashions, and are especially worthy of mention.

Buttons are used for many closings, but there seems also to be a tendency toward the exploitation of handsome braid ornaments, and one of the handsomest suits yet seen is made of brown cheviot. The coat is a plain one, in finger length, and the notched collar is made of satin, while the revers are of the material. Across the lower edge of each section of the coat is arranged a band of brown silk braid one and one-half inches in width, which terminates in a point at each end, above this band soutache is arranged in upright waves that are broad at the center and narrow at each end. The closing is accomplished by four braid ornaments set in slightly diagonal lines.

Paws, Indeed!



Temperance Reformer—Pause! my friend. Pause!

Bibulous Bill—Yes, matey, I see 'em!—

Crash of Worlds.

Credulous individuals who are always fearful that some of the ends of the world predicted by sensational prophets may prove to be true, will find considerable comfort in the assertion of Prof. Lowell, that there is good scientific evidence for the belief that mankind will have many years' warning of the great catastrophe that is destined to put an end to all things on this planet.

According to Prof. Lowell's statements, the Brooklyn Eagle says, there is somewhere within the remote confines of space a great mass of matter—once a world, but now dead—that is hurling itself toward our sun. In time it is certain to reach the goal to which it is tending, and when the two come together the globe on which we live is destined to cease to exist.

While it would then be certain that the end of the world was in sight, there would still be ample time in which to prepare for the inevitable. If the first view of the intruder was caught at the eleventh magnitude—it could scarcely come nearer without being detected—it would not be until twenty-seven years later that it would become visible to the naked eye, and three years more would elapse before it appeared to us as equal in size to a first magnitude star. In two years and three months more it would have come as near to us as Jupiter, and by that time it would be far the brightest star in the sky.

Fortunately for our peace of mind there is at the present moment no such dead world within dangerous proxmity, and yet any day it may appear. Any day the morning newspapers may announce that one of these dark bodies has come within the reach of the telescope—that it may readily be seen by the light of the sun reflected upon it.

In short, its effect upon the world would already be felt. Our seasons would change and the days would grow longer. Finally, just 145 days later, those who were still alive would witness the beginning of the end. The stranger would not strike the earth, but would pass so close in its dash to the sun that the earth would drop silently into the sun.

Daddy's Little Joke.

Passengers on a subway car coming from Brooklyn Sunday afternoon had an experience that first caused frowns and then a laugh.

The car was crowded, but, Brooklynwise, all the women had seats. On the platform was a middle-aged man, apparently respectable. On a side seat was a girl in old rose, with cheeks to match.

The man on the platform caught her eye for a moment and threw a frantic kiss. The girl smiled, then blushed furiously.

He threw another and she turned away a crimsoned face.

"That will about do for you," said the big, raw-boned guard. "Go home to your wife."

This didn't seem to worry the apparently respectable man, and, catching a glint from the girl's eyes, he threw another kiss. She turned her face to study carefully a toque hat across the car.

At the Manhattan end of the bridge the girl rose to leave the car. The man who was trying to flirt with her also faced the sliding door. By that time all eyes were on the pair, the guard was mad all through and a couple of passengers edged dangerously close.

The girl in old rose took the arm of the apparently respectable man and said in a silvery voice that all could hear:

"Oh, papa, how could you?"

Then everybody laughed at a joking father and a lovely daughter.

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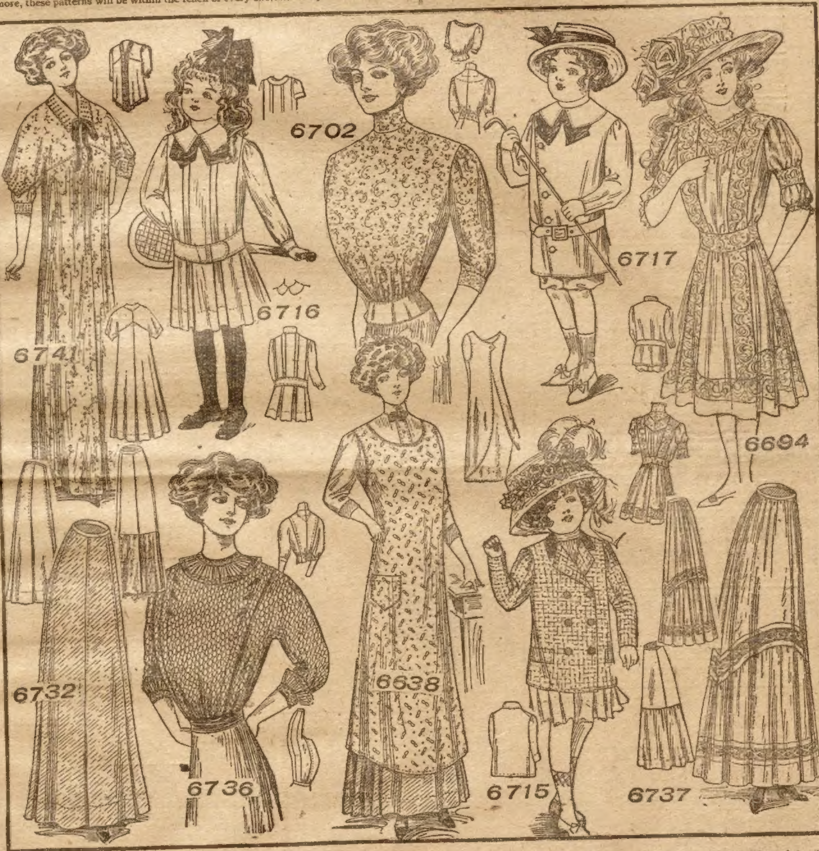

6736—Blouse with Under-Arm Portions, 34 to 42 Bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3¾ yards 24 or 27, 3⅜ yards 36, 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide.

6741—Long or Short Kimono. Small 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the long kimono, medium size, is 8½ yards 24, 27 or 32, 4⅛ yards 44 inches wide. The quantity of material required for the short kimono, medium size, is 3½ yards 24, 27 or 32, 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide.

6716—Girl's Box Plaited Dress, 6 to 10 years. The quantity of material required for the medium size (8 years) is 6 yards 24 or 27, 3 yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

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6732—Six Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 waist. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 7½ yards 24 or 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

6638—One-Piece Apron. Small 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3⅜ yards 24 or 27, 2⅛ yards 32 or 36 inches wide.

6715—Child's Box Reefer, 2 to 8 years. The quantity of material required for the medium size (6 years) is 3 yards 27, 1⅜ yards 44, 1¼ yards 52 inches wide, with ⅛ yard of velvet for collar.

6737—Five Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 waist. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 6¾ yards 24 or 27, 4⅞ yards 36, 4 yards 44 inches wide.

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For Youthful Eyes

THE SWIMMING-POOL.

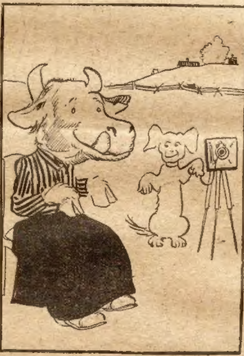
When all along the country road
  The dust was deep and white,
And thunder-clouds were piling up
  With edges bold and bright,
How joyously with lessons done
  I used to leave the school,
And race across the meadows green
  To seek the swimming-pool.

A mirror for the bending skies
  In crystal calm it lay,
Reflecting sweet celestial blue
  And tender tints of gray.
With weeping willows on the brink
  To keep its waters cool,
It beckoned us to take a dip—
  The shady swimming-pool.

I have today a marble bath
  With fixtures up-to-date,
And silver faucets hot and cold
  Upon my pleasure wait;
But water never seems so clear,
  So sparkling or so cool
As when I splashed, a sunburnt boy,
  About the swimming-pool.

I feel if I should take the path
  Across the windy hill,
And by the little church where stood
  The poplars straight and still,
And o'er the meadows rolling down
  Beyond the village school,
I'd find the fabled fount of youth
  Within the swimming-pool.

Even Here.



Cow (about to have her picture taken)—Dear me, I-I feel so nervous.

Dog—What seems to be the trouble?

Cow—Why—er—I am afraid my horns are not on straight.

A Real Home Cave.

Cliff dwellings are by no means a new discovery in the Southwest. But a cliff dwelling, with a family of real live cliff dwellers therein, is quite a different matter.

Going directly south two miles from Prairie Grove, Ark., you enter a narrow valley, and traveling westward a few miles you come to the picturesque cliff of conglomerate and sandstone, with a wall of boards at its base, which forms the only inhabited cliff dwelling in America.

You enter and find yourself in a room 72 by 40 feet, with a ceiling of wave-marked white sandstone rising, as it recedes, from 12 feet at the entrance to 45 feet at the rear wall. Here Elder H. S. Mobley, president of the Boys' corn club of Arkansas and valued attache of the Department of Agriculture, has lived the past three years with his cultured family, his books and music in contentment, happiness and health.

Three years ago Elder Mobley was a cripple from rheumatism. He then owned the land on which his cliff dwelling now is, and knew that under the projecting rock where he lives it was always dry. There was a seep of chalybeate water east of the cliff and a bubbling spring of clear water west, and so he boarded up the south of the cliff and there was roof and floor and two sides of a kingly chamber of stone free from insects, always dry, and of nearly uniform temperature.

His health is restored, and he is a vigorous traveler and worker for agricultural interests. Three years have dulled the edge of novelty, but the comfort of this unique home holds him and family to it yet.

A single stove furnishes sufficient heat on the coldest day of winter; and, in fact, it is not often that the smoke curls from the cliff side, where the pipe projects through the stone. Atavism nowhere shows in this house. Piano, library and all the accessories of modern life are there, and the news of the busy, throbbing world finds a pulsing response in this house.

Editor Mobley has made a stable in the bluff side a few hundred yards west of his dwelling, where he keeps his horses, and nearby are his thoroughbred hogs and poultry, for he is an up-to-date farmer. The soil about this ledge of rocks is subirrigated, and from the disappearance of frost in the early spring till the first frost of autumn fresh vegetables come from the garden every day.

The smooth, dry sandstone stratum forming the floor of the dwelling extends out beyond the roof several feet, hard and white, and then the ground slopes sharply but evenly for 100 feet to the fertile valley.

The dryness of these cliffs is wonderful and accounts for the fact that toads, lizards, snakes and insects do not infest them. Back of the table are natural shelves sufficient for all the food and for Mrs. Mobley's culinary utensils. There is water at the door.

Contrary to what might be expected the cave home is nicely lighted by the windows in the front, because the ceiling and walls are white. And not only are ordinary insects not found in this home, but that universal pest, the house fly, does not annoy.

THOUGHTS ON A NEW RUG.

The rug that's lying in the hall,
Was never meant for me at all,
And yet it doesn't seem to be
A grown-up rug at all, to me.

It's colored red, and yellow, too,
With bits of brown and bits of blue.
And things that are so bright and gay
Are meant for children, I should say.

And then, besides, it has some queer
Small animals, like little deer,
A-walking round it in a string—
And children like that sort of thing.

And yet it's by the parlor door
Instead of on the nursery floor—
Perhaps the grown folks like to see
Those funny things as well as we.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Little Phyllis was at a concert. The leader rapped and the buzz of conversation ceased. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed Phyllis, "listen to the hush!"

Small Freddy's mamma was so hoarse one morning that she could scarcely speak.

"Why, mamma," said the little fellow, "what a sore voice you've got!"

Mother (reading)—In Ireland they use peat for fuel.

Little Margie—Did they burn him because he was wicked?

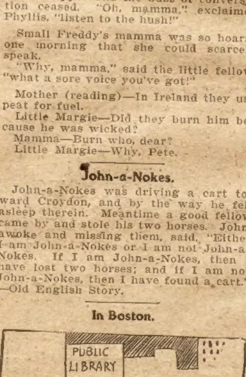
Mamma—Burn who, dear?

Little Margie—Why, Pete.

John-a-Nokes.

John-a-Nokes was driving a cart toward Croydon, and by the way he fell asleep therein. Meantime a good fellow came by and stole his two horses. John, awoke and missing them, said, "Either I am John-a-Nokes or I am not John-a-Nokes. If I am John-a-Nokes, then I have lost two horses; and if I am not John-a-Nokes, then I have found a cart."—Old English Story.

In Boston.



"I have been reading about sweatshops."

"Don't say 'sweatshops.'"

"What shall I say?"

"Perspiration offices."

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